HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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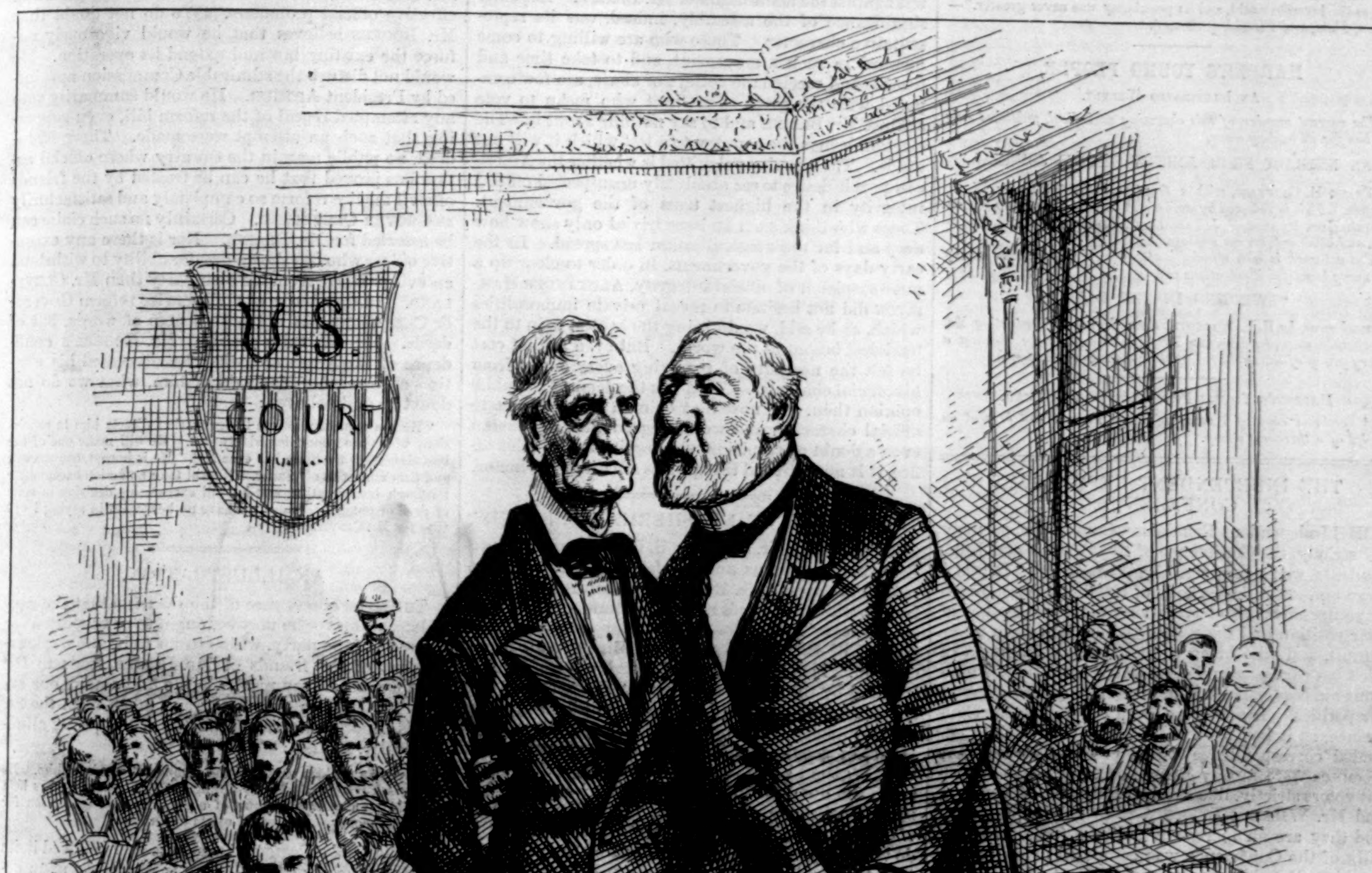
U.S. COURT
RINGING ADDRESS BY EVARTS
MULLIGAN LETTERS
20 YEARS FOR HIMSELF BY BLAINE.
("THE GREAT AMERICAN STATES MAN.")
RECORD
Th: Nast

THE KEY-NOTE OF THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL TRIAL (1884).

"Let's talk about the weather."

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1884.

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THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN CONFERENCE.

THE Independent Republican Conference, or, more strictly, the Conference of Republicans and Independents, was a very significant assembly. It was a large and enthusiastic body of intelligent men, mostly young men, who have a very clear conception of their position and the reasons which lead them to occupy it, and who bring to their work a freshness of spirit, an earnest conviction, and a patriotic and generous purpose which are indicative of a new epoch in our politics. It was plain from the first in the Conference, as it had been in the large and widely extended correspondence which preceded it, that the members were mostly Republicans. The Independent voters strictly, like President SEELYE, of Amherst, and Mr. WILLIAM EVERETT, were ably represented, and they are an increasing political force. But the bulk of the Conference was composed of young and working Republicans, who are proud of the party name and achievement, but who understand that a party is but an agency, and who reject wholly the false and demoralizing doctrine which many Republican leaders are busily trying to impose upon young Americans, that the command of a party is to supersede principle and conscience.

Mr. CODMAN'S speech, as President of the Conference, was evidently the expression of the general sentiment. Every sentence was received with enthusiasm, often rising into cheers. It was an eloquent and vigorous statement of the reasons of the Republican protest. These are substantially the unfitness of the nomination, as shown by the words and acts of the candidate, which are of official record, and not yet explained. As the movement does not contemplate a third party, nor an organization which will necessarily outlast the canvass, although it may very possibly happen that under some form it may be continued, there was no discussion in Mr. CODMAN'S speech of general questions of public policy. The special object of the meeting was to define the purpose of the protest and to take measures to make it effective, reserving beyond that the consideration of all other plans and questions. The formal address unanimously adopted by the Conference was an amplification of the President's speech. It stated the political situation, and the chief issues of the election, and in general the reasons of the dissent, which the documents and work of the campaign will elaborate and sustain. The address stated expressly that Republicans do not propose to abandon their party, nor Independents to ally themselves permanently with any party; that upon cardinal public questions there were the same divisions of opinion in the Conference as in the two great parties; and that in elections for Representatives in Congress, and for State and other officers, every member would vote at his pleasure. The address recommended support of Governor CLEVELAND as the most effective way of carrying out the common purpose. The nomination of a third candidate would have compelled the general and detailed organization of a new party, which, under the circumstances, was impracticable; and those who had thought it desirable, upon reflection, decided that it was best, while reserving and declaring Republican sympathy and entire independence, to accept the course which the constitutional provisions for a Presidential election made most feasible.

Mr. EVERETT'S proposition to nominate the Democratic candidates was not accepted, for the same general reasons. There is no third party, and consequently there is no third party platform to be presented for Mr. CLEVELAND'S approval. The Conference represented those who, with no declaration of other common views and purposes, unite to vote for Mr. CLEVELAND in order to make their opposition to Mr. BLAINE most effective. The proceedings were singularly harmonious, and the speeches were unusually eloquent and admirable. The delegates were in force from the important and decisive States of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey, and those from other States were representative of the wide-spread protest against the nomination of Mr. BLAINE. The chief significance of the assembly, indeed, was its representative character. Those who are willing to come forward in such a movement, and to take time and trouble and receive the volleys of abuse, are few compared with the great silent host who mean to vote against Mr. BLAINE and to say nothing about it. The election brings the country to a test which it will not evade. The question submitted is whether the American people desire to see absolutely unsuspected official integrity in the highest trust of the government. Those who think such an issue trivial only show how deep and far the demoralization has spread. In the early days of the government, in order to clear up a mere suspicion of official integrity, ALEXANDER HAMILTON did not hesitate to reveal private immoralities which, as he said, would bring the acutest pain to the tenderest bosom in the world. But even at that cost he felt the necessity of removing every doubt from his official character. That was the demand of public opinion then. If now that opinion is indifferent to official character, and would regard with unconcern even a doubt or suspicion of integrity in the chief office, it is not a trivial thing—it is a national dishonor.

THE LETTER OF MR. SHERMAN S. ROGERS.

THE letter of Mr. SHERMAN S. ROGERS, urging anti-BLAINE Republicans and the friends of civil service reform to support Mr. BLAINE, has been read with the respect which his words naturally command, and with sincere regret that he does not justly apprehend the real ground of Republican protest against Mr. BLAINE'S election. The question for the individual voter which is raised by the nomination, and which must be met directly, and not evaded, is whether an honest voter ought to sustain an unworthy candidate because he has been regularly nominated, and because of the voter's general preference for the party which has made the nomination. If a man, for instance, finds himself called upon to countenance by his vote a want of official integrity, is he likely to be persuaded to do violence to his moral convictions by the argument that the candidate was regularly nominated, and is the free choice of his party? Will he not rather be forced to ask what is the party which deliberately selects unworthy candidates, and requires unquestioning support of them as the test of party allegiance? Mr. ROGERS declined to support Mr. FOLGER for Governor in 1882, a candidate of unsuspected official character, against whom no charge was ever breathed, because of the methods of his nomination. But if a voter may oppose his party candidate, although a perfectly unimpeachable man, because of the way in which he was nominated, is it less his duty to oppose a candidate whom he holds to have misused his official place for his own gain?

Mr. ROGERS says that the charges against Mr. BLAINE have, in his judgment, never been substantiated; and he says, like General HAWLEY, that he does not believe his conduct to have been questionable, and that he does not hold him to be corrupt. Of course, therefore, neither of these gentlemen could oppose his election upon that ground. But their simple affirmations can not be conclusive with those who, with no desire to differ from them nor to do injustice to any man, do not share their view of the doubtful transactions. Nor can the fact that General GARFIELD may have thought otherwise persuade those who, upon careful consideration, must take another view. These are surely not arguments to move Republicans who hold that the situation demands first of all the stern correction of corrupt tendencies in public life, which every good citizen, of whatever party, acknowledges and deplores. Willingness to resort to arguments so inconclusive and inadequate, in order to preserve party prestige, is one of the significant signs of that alarming tendency which has culminated in a nomination that many even of those who advocate and sustain it have owned to be a blow at the good name of the Republican party. Mr. ROGERS alludes to the depreciation of public men which is sought by signalizing them by nicknames as "Tom," "Dick," or "Harry," and which would belittle Mr. BLAINE by calling him "Jim." This can be hardly urged seriously by so sagacious a man as Mr. ROGERS. But as he recalls the feeling of other years, which called HENRY CLAY "Harry of the West," and ABRAHAM LINCOLN "Uncle Abe," and still more, although he does not mention it, "Honest ABE LINCOLN," it is fair to ask whether the popular sobriquet of Mr. BLAINE, in view of the unexplained record, is ever likely to be the same.

Mr. ROGERS'S appeal to civil service reformers proceeds from a man whose interest in that cause and service to it are beyond question. He thinks that the Republican party is pledged to it, and that the Democratic party is not, and that it would be safer in the hands of a Republican President than of a Democrat. But he does not, of course, present Mr. BLAINE, as Mr. BLAINE presents himself, as seriously interested in a real reform of the civil service. It is, as Mr. ROGERS knows, an executive reform, deriving its vigor from the sincerity and intelligence of the Executive. Mr. BLAINE is wholly unknown either to any active friend of reform or to the country as its supporter or advocate. Mr. CLEVELAND has been one of its most energetic and effective official promoters. We do not doubt that Mr. ROGERS believes that he would vigorously enforce the existing law and extend its operation. He would not disturb the admirable Commission appointed by President ARTHUR. He would summarily veto any attempted repeal of the reform bill, even supposing that such an attempt were made. There is, indeed, no public man in the country whose official action has proved that he can be trusted by the friends of civil service reform so completely and satisfactorily as GROVER CLEVELAND. Certainly no such claim can be asserted for Mr. BLAINE. Nor is there any executive officer who has shown greater ability to withstand an evil pressure from his own party than Mr. CLEVELAND. In the matter of civil service reform Governor CLEVELAND has not been a man of words, but of deeds. He has fully justified Mr. ROGERS'S confidence of two years ago, when he advocated his election as Governor, and said of him, what we do not doubt he still believes:

> "He is a man of absolute integrity, that directs him to conclusions which are almost invariably just. He will make one of the best Governors the State has ever had. He is honest, courageous, and firm almost to obstinacy. He will take no action except after thorough consideration, and he will execute his decision in spite of cavil or outside pressure. I have no hesitation in saying I will vote for Mr. CLEVELAND."

AN ILLUSTRATION.

THE strict observance of the doctrine that the candidate, whatever he may be, ought to be supported for the sake of the party, which seems to be the staple argument of the friends of Mr. BLAINE, leads to the most extraordinary results. We find among our exchanges the following paragraph taken from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of the 23d of May, 1884, alluding to Mr. BLAINE:

> "He is an unclean man, and the people will not have him. He stands self-convicted of prostituting the high offices he has held to build up a private fortune, of cohabiting with corruption for dishonest money. His record would damn him."

If the *Globe-Democrat* said this and believed it, its present support of Mr. BLAINE is a travesty upon decent and honorable politics. The more resolutely it argues that a candidate whom it thus describes is the free choice of the party, the more injury it does to the party, and the more it tends to relax the party allegiance of original and conscientious Republicans. The more loudly it denounces as "dudes and Pharisees" the Republicans who can not support the candidate, the more dishonest and contemptible does its own position become.

Yet that position is in strict accordance with the new doctrine of Republican orators, that the nomination purifies the candidate, or dispenses the voter from moral obligations. A view of party which holds that a journal or a man, believing a candidate to be unfit, ought still to support him for the highest official trust of the government, is a view which makes party a fetich as ignorantly worshipped as that of an African tribe. It is truly amazing that intelligent and honorable men can suppose that other men of the same kind can be persuaded by an appeal to support the party to vote for a candidate whom they condemn upon grounds of official integrity, and for whose election no exigency whatever can be pleaded. In the same way those who for the sake of political preferment vote, and ask others to vote, for a candidate of whom they hold the opinion which is expressed by the *Globe-Democrat*, can not hope to gain increased respect for themselves or greater confidence in the party whose action they justify.

THE PENNSYLVANIA BLAINE INDEPENDENTS.

THE independents of Pennsylvania, as is well known, are, and long have been, supporters of Mr. BLAINE, and it is not surprising that they propose to vote for him. They do not object to bolting, because they have been bolters. They objected to the political methods of Mr. CAMERON, but they do not object to the political morals of Mr. BLAINE. As, however, they felt themselves justified in opposing a party nomination because they did not like the methods by which it was accomplished, their reprimand can hardly be very impressive when addressed to those who oppose a nomination because they think it to be morally unfit.

Upon this point they say that some other people have rejected the charges, and therefore the protesting Republicans ought to submit. But the mere fact of rejection is not an argument unless there has been careful inquiry and a statement of reasons for exculpation which can be weighed by other persons. The Pennsylvania independents forget to give the particulars of the investigation, and to quote the reasons of the acquittal. The charges are not campaign slanders; they involve official integrity and personal veracity. Do the Pennsylvania independents really think that they are disposed of by saying that the people of Maine do not believe them, and that General Garfield did not credit them?

To speak of Mr. Blaine as a reformer of the civil service is simply ludicrous, and the appeal to Massachusetts independents not to mistake a desire of revenue reform for conscience is comical to the point of pathos. The abrogation of the unit rule and the election of delegates by districts are excellent results to have gained. But to allege these as reasons for voting for a candidate who is believed to be unfit is a proceeding which would have certainly induced Charles Lamb, as in the capital story, to light his candle and respectfully ask permission to look at the bumps of the author of the argument.

AN IMPORTANT SUPPLEMENT.

A Supplement issued with this number of Harper's Weekly contains a report of the proceedings of the Independent Republican Conference, with the speech of the chairman, Mr. Codman, and the national address in full. It is a convenient document for preservation, and the address is the authentic declaration of the Independent Republican position.

GENERAL LOGAN'S LETTER.

The letter of General Logan accepting the nomination for the Vice-Presidency shows that he is in general accord with Mr. Blaine. The letter is unnecessarily long, and the object of such a letter would have been attained had the candidate briefly stated his acceptance of the platform and his agreement with the views of the chief candidate.

In his remarks upon reform in the civil service General Logan seems to be anxious to express his distrust of life tenures and of a privileged class of public agents, rather than to show his interest in the actual reformed system, or his approval of reformed methods. His observations have the safe generality which is always a little suspicious. As there is a law by which a particular system of reform has been established, it would be well to know whether General Logan approves it, as, for instance, Governor Cleveland has shown his approval by his official action. The reform, just so far as it is honestly carried out, prevents the use of places as rewards for political and partisan and personal service. If General Logan approves the reformed system, he favors that prohibition. But it is a point which his letter does not elucidate. The declaration that he is in favor of the highest standard of excellence in the administration of the civil service is one that every candidate of every party would probably make.

There are many other safe generalizations in the letter, which follows the general course of Mr. Blaine's, but really adds nothing to it.

THE CONGO CONTROVERSY.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley's resignation of his position as director of the African International Association's work in the Congo country, looked at from a journalist's point of view, is a piece of bad news, mitigated by the assurance that he is about to arrive in England. While it can not be said of Mr. Stanley, as is said of one of Lord Tennyson's heroines, that where'er he comes he brings calamity, it may be said of him that wherever he goes he furnishes interesting reading matter, whether his achievements are chronicled by himself or by another.

The ancient saying about two of a trade is especially applicable to explorers. Whether the discovered object be a gold mine or only a miasmatic bog, does not seem to signify in respect of the ardor with which the discoverer resents the claim of anybody else to a share in the discovery. The Stanley and De Brazza dispute has furnished livelier reading, however, than any other exploratory controversy from the days of Columbus and Vespucius down. Of late we have not heard much about the Congo country —an omission which may be due to the languishing of the controversy between the two associations of traders and philanthropists, but is more likely due to the fact that both Stanley and De Brazza have been for some time inaccessible to reporters. However, Mr. Stanley will arrive in London with a large budget to open and a long series of arrears to bring up, and we may be prepared for disclosures of the liveliest possible character before the explorer resumes his mission of making new chapters of African history.

AMERICAN CRICKET IN ENGLAND.

The local pride of Philadelphia is great, and so is the local interest of Philadelphia in the game of cricket. Cricket is too serious for New York, which addicts itself to the frivolities of base-ball. To this idle pastime cricket bears the same relation as whist to "railroad euchre." Like coloring a meerschaum or understanding the dative case, cricket requires the devotion of a lifetime. The distinction between amateur and professional cricket in England is mainly that the professionals get their living by the game, and does not prevent the existence of several hundred amateurs who do nothing but play cricket throughout the cricketing season.

Against these hardy persons the Philadelphians have pitted themselves, although they themselves are amateurs not only in the sense of not playing cricket for a living, but in the sense of doing something else for a living. The result of their tour thus far ought to insure them a tremendous reception from their patriotic city, which last year, if we mistake not, decreed a triumph to a professional base-ball nine. The boys have played sixteen matches thus far, mostly against amateur county teams, and have won at least ten of them. The four they have lost were to the Gentlemen of Scotland, the Gentlemen of Hampshire, the "Marylebone Club and Ground," and the Gentlemen of Sussex. The defeat by the "M. C. and Ground" was the worst, being a single inning defeat; but in this they have the consolation of being fellow-sufferers with the great Australians, who were brought to the same shameful grief. On the other hand, several of the American victories have been won in one inning, notably in the exemplary case of the Gentlemen of Cheshire, who were beaten by an inning and 292 runs. These things will not only warm the Philadelphian heart, but fire the Philadelphian ambition, and we may look one of these days for an eleven of Philadelphia setting out for the conquest of the Gentlemen of England. It may even happen that cricket will be so popularized as to be reported over the ticker.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

Among the notable humane movements of the time—a time which is especially active in devising methods for the prompt relief of suffering and for the efficient organization of charitable work—the formation of societies of "First Aid to the Injured" is one of the most beneficent and interesting. The movement began with the organization of the St. John Ambulance Association in London in 1877, to the practical value of which association there is the most gratifying testimony.

In New York the movement began about three years ago, and it has secured the hearty approval of the medical profession, and the active sympathy and co-operation of the most public-spirited and intelligent citizens. As it says for itself: "The Society teaches what should be done in emergencies when there is no physician at hand, when we must ourselves either do something instantly or stand helplessly by and see a man suffer the agony of a broken limb, or suffocate, or bleed to death, simply because we do not know how to help him. The society's instruction is of the most practical character. It is given by means of lectures, accompanied by illustrations, a 'subject' being present at each lecture, the pupils being furnished with the *Hand-Book of First Aid to the Injured*, published by the society. More than one thousand lectures have been delivered in New York city alone by well-known physicians, acting under Dr. Henry B. Sands as medical director."

Associations are formed and forming in other cities, and classes are collected from men and women in all pursuits, and none more promising than those of employés in large work-shops and manufactories, where exposure to accidents is constant, and where immediate intelligent treatment may save many lives and greatly mitigate suffering. The society is now organizing branches in all parts of the country, particularly the great railroad, manufacturing, and mining centres. The present officers are: Hon. John Jay, President; Commander H. H. Gorringe, Vice-President; John Paton (of Morris K. Jessup, Paton, & Co.), Treasurer; and John B. Pine, Secretary.

PERSONAL.

Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, editor of the *Observer*, and president of the New York Association for the Advancement of Science and Art, expresses a belief that the polar expeditions are useless so far as science and commerce are concerned. Many other citizens share this belief. But have exhibitions of personal bravery and selflessness no moral worth and weight?

—The late Mr. S. G. McCutcheon was a successful delineator of children's happy faces and winning ways, as thousands of readers of the Harper periodicals will testify. He died alone, in his studio, of a congestive chill, on the night of July 11.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold's visit to this country with his eldest daughter has really resulted in strengthening the bonds of union between England and America, and, as such, is the only notable case of the kind on record. Mr. Frederick W. Whitridge, who will marry the young lady, is a distinguished Independent Republican, as well as a graduate of Yale, a college lecturer on legal subjects, and a New York lawyer.

—Mr. A. A. Anderson, the portrait painter, who is suing Mr. Luther A. Milbank for $1000, the price of an oil-painting of his wife, says that the defendant "wished to cultivate my father-in-law, who could help him in Wall Street speculations. He therefore came to me and ordered a picture. But before the picture was finished my father-in-law got tired of him, and consequently Mr. Milbank had no more use for me, and never even came to see the picture in its finished state." Meissonier's motive for suing Mrs. Mackey was different. Mrs. Mackey thought his portrait of her was inadequate. Considering the deep-seated vanity of most sitters, it is remarkable that portrait painters sue so seldom.

—Miss Emma Abbott's manager and husband, Mr. E. J. Wetherell, claims that whether she sings well or not, her receipts are very large, and her operatic company is financially the most successful in the country.

—The late Professor Alpheus S. Packard, of Bowdoin College, was the father of Professor Packard of Yale, Professor Packard of Princeton, Professor Packard of Brown, and ex-Professor Packard of Bowdoin. His eldest son is a physician in Bath, Maine. His age was eighty-five. For forty-one years he was Professor of Greek and Latin, and since the retirement of General Chamberlain he had been acting President. He died of heart-disease while walking alone on the Maine coast.

—Henry E. Abbey lost from $5000 to $10,000 a week during his season at the Metropolitan Opera-house, and above $10,000 with Lawrence Barrett in London. But he gained $60,000 with Mary Anderson in the same city, and $80,000 with Henry Irving in America.

—The cousin and biographer of the famous Sir Robert Peel is dead. He was born in 1799, and his name was the Right Honorable Sir Lawrence Peel.

—A notable course of lectures will be that of Sir William Thompson at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, next October. The lecturer is professor at Glasgow University. His subject will be "Molecular Dynamics."

—Dr. W. A. Hammond says of the novel: "Though the position of the novel in modern literature is a very high one, it is hard to say exactly where the novel stands, relatively speaking. For instance, you can not say it stands above or below history. But as a therapeutic agent we physicians put a high value upon the novel. I have known novels to save lives. Six or seven years ago the late rector of Calvary Church came to me, used up and unstrung by overtaxation of the brain. I ordered him into the country. He confessed he had not read Dickens's works. I ordered him to read them. He did. His mind, diverted from the rut in which it had travelled so long, recovered its strength. He was himself again in six weeks. In the treatment of diseases of society, novels have been efficacious. The lunatic asylums of Great Britain were greatly improved by the fierce light which Charles Reade's novel, *Hard Cash*, shed into them."

—The attributes of a good policeman are defined by a New York police inspector to be courage, health, a strong physique, horse-sense, a general knowledge of the city and its laws (so far as they pertain to his duties), ability to read, to write plainly, and to calculate up to the rule of three, courtesy, truth, and politeness—a bunch of accomplishments that would not disgrace a Lord Mayor.

—The notorious Mrs. Mandelbaum has been more fortunately circumstanced than Bill Sykes's unlucky pal. She was the banker and the depositary of all the leading sneak-thieves of the city. She kept and disposed of their wares for them, and when they needed cash, it was to her that they went.

—New York will undoubtedly do public honor to Lieutenant Greely and Lieutenant Schley on their return from the frozen regions. The American Yacht Club has already arranged for a grand banquet at Delmonico's, and Mayor Edson has proposed a popular testimonial from the citizens of the metropolis, which, as he says, will surely be successful and brilliant if undertaken under proper auspices.

—For forty years an aged hermit has lived by himself in the forests of Pike County, Pennsylvania, and now that his seclusion has become closer still, the people believe that some foul play has befallen him, and he is more missed than many an ordinary citizen would be, so great is the strength of the popular imagination.

—Visitors to that charming university town, Princeton, New Jersey, will remember the residence of Rear-Admiral George F. Emmons, which formerly was the Edgehill School, which the admiral bought and improved about fifteen years ago, and in which he died on the 23d of July, in his seventy-second year. He was of rather less than medium height and weight, with gray hair, a full, close-clipped gray beard, and a singularly refined cast of countenance. His society was much sought after, and as his advent was considered a social acquisition, his departure will be mourned as a loss.

—Mr. G. H. Darwin, the son of the celebrated philosopher, has married a Philadelphia lady, Miss Maud Dupuy. He has attained eminence as an astronomer, being the Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge. He will take his bride to England after a trip to Montreal.

—Mr. Augustin Daly, to whom the American drama is undoubtedly a debtor, has been well received with his comedy company in London. After the first performance he was called upon for a speech, in which his hearers heard once more of those old bonds of union between England and the United States which the elder Hawthorne, when a consul at Liverpool, used slyly to boast that he played upon as opportunity offered.

—Mr. Carter Harrison, who has been three times elected Mayor of Chicago, and whose administration has been very popular, has accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor of Illinois. The portrait of Mr. Harrison was printed in Harper's Weekly for April 21, 1883.

—The President of San Salvador, recently on a visit to this city, is forty-three years old, and has served two terms as Chief Magistrate of a republic of 800,000 inhabitants. He is fond of travel, and not long ago went to Madrid, where King Alfonso did him the honors in true Castilian style.

—Miss Lulu Hurst, the Georgia Wonder, who could hustle strong men about by an inconspicuous use of her muscles, was an object of some rational curiosity at first; but her later performances were scenes of tremendous rowdyism on the part of many spectators. It was for this reason mainly that the second Georgia Wonder, advertised to succeed her, was not admitted to the stage of Wallack's Theatre.

—An esteemed contemporary refers to Mr. Henry Bergh as "the man who believes in the inalienable right of cats to steal milk without impunity"; but this scarcely does justice to the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. What Mr. Bergh objected to, in a recent and now celebrated case, was the throwing of a cat out of a window because she had been caught in the act of stealing milk. If such cruelty was right and expedient, then the foundation of Mr. Bergh's useful society is built on sand. Mr. Bergh has often said to his friends that his main motive in trying to prevent cruelty to animals is that such conduct degrades the men who are guilty of it.

—A new question is agitating theatrical circles, namely, "Will Miss Mary Anderson become a Carmelite nun?" The Carmelite order originated with the Jewish converts of the centuries near the Christian era, who fled to Mount Carmel for refuge from their heathen persecutors. In the twelfth century a brave crusader named Berthold vowed that if he won an important battle he would become a monk, and retire to Mount Carmel. The first Carmelite convent in this country was established at Port Tobacco in 1790, and removed thence to Baltimore. There is another convent at St. Louis. Practical newspaper men, however, are inclined to believe that the report about Miss Anderson is an emanation of the imagination of her advertising agent.

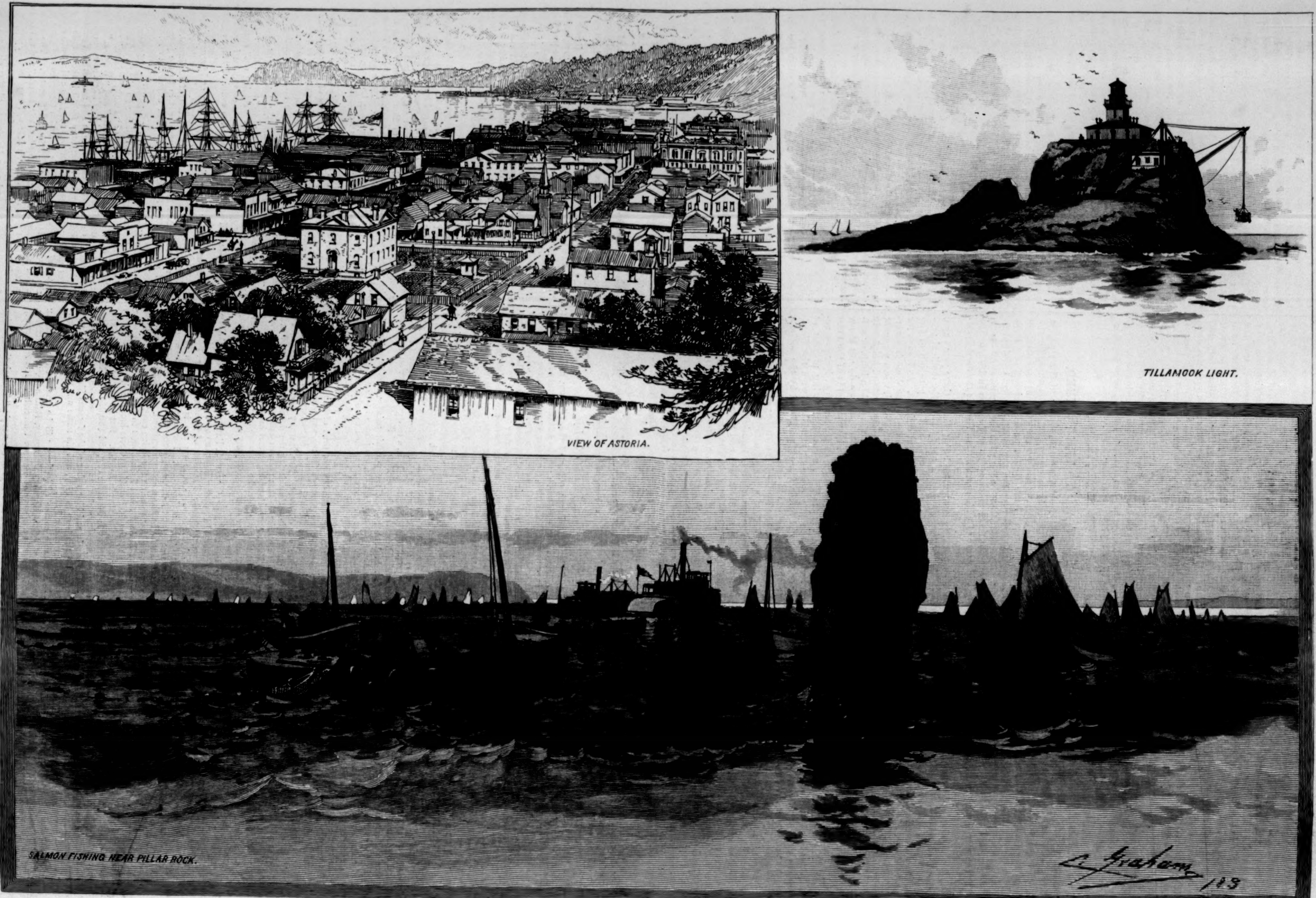
—In a review of the art exhibition at Leipsic the *Börsenblatt* of that city speaks in the very highest terms of the wood-engravings contributed by American artists, and commends in terms of special admiration the illustrations in Mr. Gibson's *Pastoral Days* and *Highways and Byways*, as well as the tasteful printing and binding of the volumes.

—The Communal Council at Naumur, Belgium, lately made a funny suggestion to the management of the theatre there. A M. Fumière inquired whether the artistes "coming out" could not give a series of *débuts* in private, before a committee formed for the purpose, and so spare the public the *ennui* of "first appearances."

—Some months ago a champagne house at Épernay offered prizes for the five best poems on champagne. The subject seems to have inspired a large number of votaries of sentiment, seeing that no fewer than 1100 poems were sent in to the jury. The chief prize of 1000 francs has just been awarded to M. Clovis Hugues.

—Arsène Houssaye has a mania for building châteaux. He now has seven at Beaujon, and is building an eighth. The seven were named respectively the houses of "Youth," "Love," "Knowledge," "Family," "Renown," "Wealth," and "Wisdom." They are appropriately furnished: the first looks like a museum of toys, the second is adorned with paintings and statues of Venus and Cupid, the third is a mere library, the fourth is the temple of his Lares and Penates, the fifth contains the gifts and written compliments of admirers, the sixth is rich with treasures and gems, and the seventh is dedicated to Plato and Socrates. The eighth, which he is now building, is the house of "Death," and will be the mausoleum in which its author's dust will be placed.

—Dr. Robert Koch, the discoverer of the cholera bacillus, is now forty-one years old, and took his degree of M.D. eighteen years ago. He is a native of the Hartz Mountain country, and has reached his present high rank after many years of poverty and struggling for bare existence. He is henceforth to fill the position of Professor of Hygiene at Berlin.



VIEW OF ASTORIA.

TILLAMOOK LIGHT.

SALMON FISHING NEAR PILLAR ROCK.

C. Graham '83
Hornby S.C.

AT THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 503.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," "At Fault," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

DEATH OF THE SQUIRE.

A cold January day, and the bitter northeast wind swirled through the avenues of Cranley Chase, making the old oaks creak again. In the principal street of the little village men stopped each other, despite the keenness of the weather, to ask what was the news from the great house; for all Cranley knew that the lord of the Chase lay dying. The village doctor had said openly at the Rockingham Arms that it was a question now not of days but of hours. The famous London physician had been down, at Gerald's earnest request, only to shake his head solemnly, and say that there was no more to be done. On the Squire's family his mortal sickness came like a thunder-bolt; but it was no surprise to Alister Rockingham himself, who had long been conscious that life's machinery was giving way. For himself, he could have turned his face to the wall and met his doom calmly; but his end was terribly imbittered at the thought of those he was about to leave behind. He knew very well what little provision there would be for them, and felt that it was he himself who had steered the ship upon the breakers. It may be doubted whether even Alister Rockingham himself was aware of how utterly ruined he really was. He did as men sometimes do under such circumstances—sent for his solicitor, Mr. Pearson, and his cousin, Cuthbert Elliston, in the vague hope that they might devise some salvage out of the wreck, and very shortly after their arrival the Squire breathed his last, confiding the interests of those nearest and dearest to him—had he only known it—to the very two men who might, an they willed, have saved him.

It is the day after the funeral. Alister Rockingham has been laid to his rest with all due pomp and ceremony in the old church-yard where so many of his race lie sleeping. His tenantry and the villagers—who, indeed, may all be included in the former category, as Cranley for the most part belonged to him—have stared their hardest at the sombre pageantry, and many of them shed tears by the grave-side of one who, reckless as he may have been of his own affairs, had always proved a kind landlord.

Seated in the library of the Chase were Samuel Pearson, solicitor, and Cuthbert Elliston. On the table between them stood a decanter of sherry and a plate of biscuits.

"Well, poor Alister has gone at last," said Elliston. "I suppose you've got the will there all ready to read to the widow and her children?"

"Yes," rejoined Pearson. "Just as he backed horses when they had no chance to win, so he made his will when he had no money to leave."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Yes," returned Pearson. "The old place is mortgaged down to the conservatory; the house to the top rafter."

"You must have feathered your nest pretty well," observed Cuthbert, with a sneer.

"D—n it, Mr. Elliston, I'll not stand such language from *you*, as if you hadn't had your share of the cake."

"Chut! man; keep your temper. We are not children, who, having eaten the kernel, quarrel over the shells. I suppose that last Leger about finished him?"

"Yes; the poor Squire would have it that Caterham must win. You, I, Bill Greyson, and Broughton, the book-maker, thought he couldn't; and when we think they can't win—"

"They generally don't," interrupted Elliston; "which shows what good judges we are, especially when they are in our stable. I suppose the widow will have to go?"

"Yes; Cranley Chase must come to the hammer, and there will be a very slender income left for Mrs. Rockingham to live upon."

"And that young cub will have to turn out and get his own living?"

"That's so. You don't like that boy, Mr. Elliston, but he's popular with the people about, and few of them would call him a young cub."

"I hate the whelp, and I don't care who knows it. I hate his mother; she always distrusted me, and taught him to do the same."

"I don't know that she was altogether wrong to do that," observed Pearson, musingly.

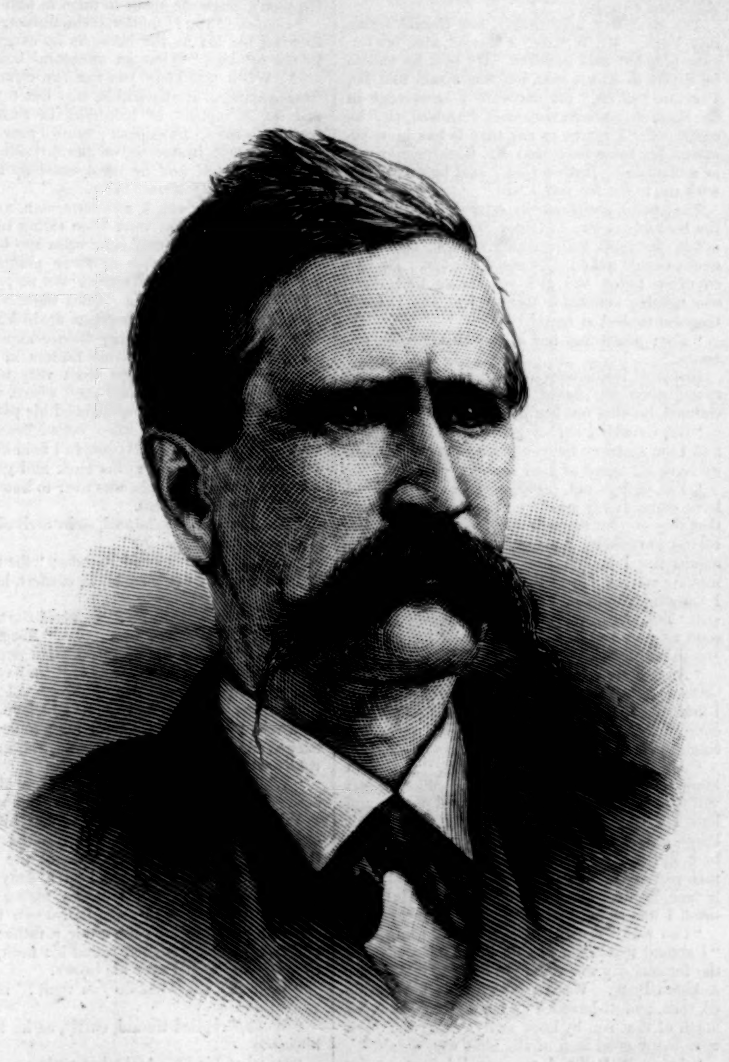
"Confound it, sir! what do you mean?"

"I thought we weren't to quarrel. I've just sent word to Mrs. Rockingham to say that I want to see her on business, and she has replied she will be here in a few minutes."

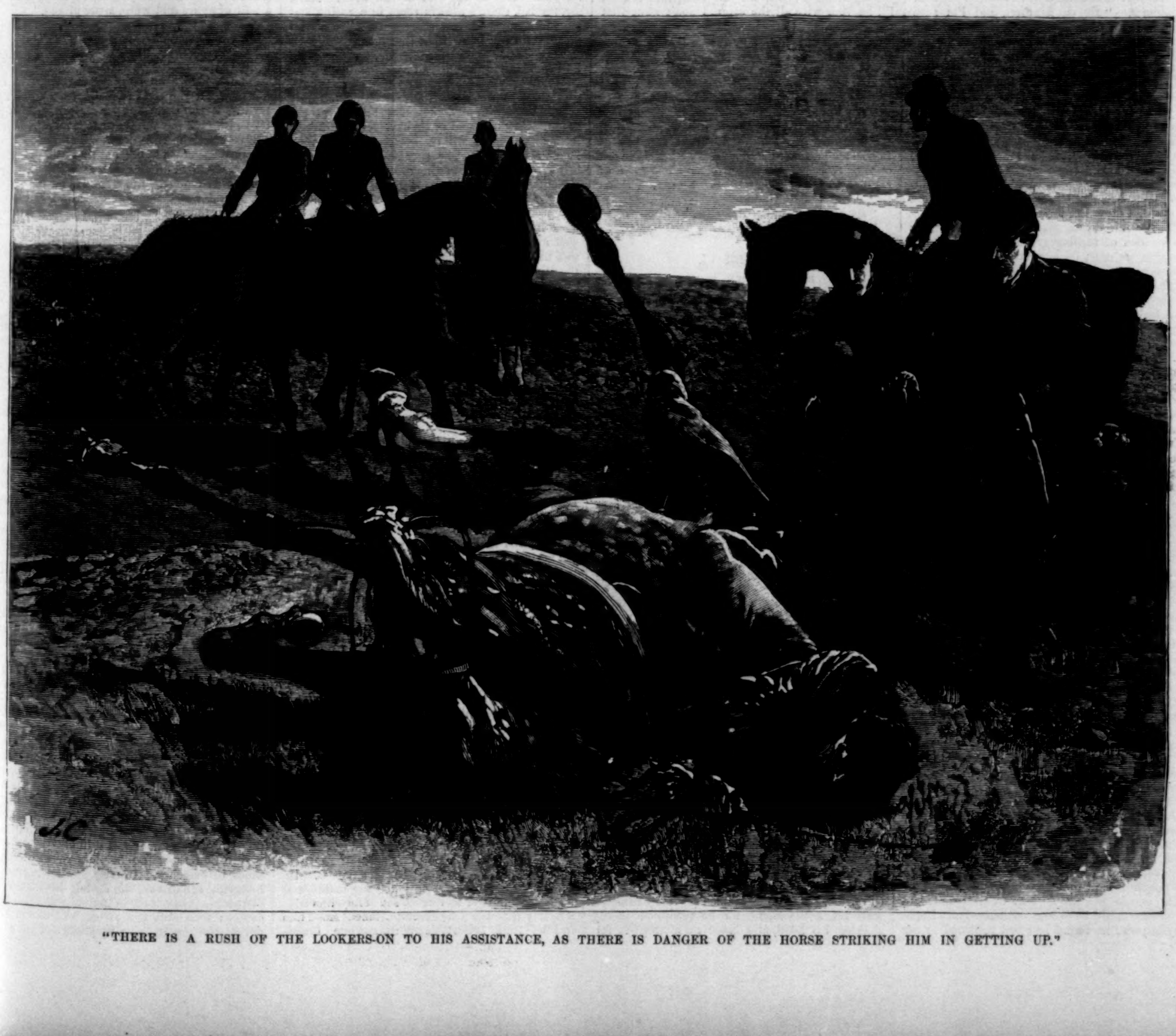
The words had hardly left his lips when the door opened, and the widow, attired in her sable draperies, and accompanied by her daughter, entered the room.

"I have here," said Pearson, "your lamented husband's last will and testament, but it is my painful duty to inform you that he died a ruined man, and that I can see no possibility of averting the sale of Cranley Chase."

"Oh, Gerald, Gerald, where are you?" exclaimed the sorrow-stricken woman. "I can not understand it all. Oh, my son, come and talk to these men for me!"



THE HON. JOHN P. ST. JOHN, PROHIBITION CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.
Photographed by Bastian.—[See Page 499.]



"THERE IS A RUSH OF THE LOOKERS-ON TO HIS ASSISTANCE, AS THERE IS DANGER OF THE HORSE STRIKING HIM IN GETTING UP."

"I am here, mother," said Gerald, who had entered the room noiselessly just in time to overhear his mother's last words; "what do you want of me?"

"It has been my painful duty," interposed Pearson, "to explain to Mrs. Rockingham the true position of her affairs—to break to her, in short, the sad fact of her ruin; and that Mrs. Rockingham should be very much upset at hearing it is only natural; but the truth had to be broken to her sooner or later, and I thought it more judicious that she should know of it at once."

"And I think Pearson's right," broke in Elliston. "It's no use shilly-shallying when an ugly story is to be told. It's a bad business, Beatrice, but you will have henceforth to face the world with very narrow means; while as for you, Gerald," he continued, almost brutally, "this means an end of Cambridge. I don't suppose you'll be doing much good there; you'll have to turn to now and get your own living."

"That is my business," retorted Gerald, sharply. "Neither my mother nor myself is likely to consult *you* about our affairs."

"You're surely not mean enough to think of living on her?" sneered Cuthbert.

"Certainly not," answered Gerald, his eyes sparkling with passion. "But it's nothing to you how I propose to earn my bread and cheese."

"Well," rejoined Elliston, as if bent upon irritating the boy, "you can ride and shoot; there never was a Rockingham that couldn't. I should suggest your turning under-gamekeeper or pad groom."

Gerald sprang forward, and had not his sister caught him by the arm, and Mr. Pearson thrown himself in front of Elliston, the youth would undoubtedly have struck him.

"Do control your temper," said Ellen Rockingham, and for a few seconds more the young fellow's eyes flashed, and the veins in his forehead stood out. Then with a violent effort he controlled himself, and said, with sarcastic courtesy:

"Thank you for your advice. In the mean time, as I presume for the next few days Cranley Chase is still ours, allow me to point out that neither is my mother nor am I in the mood to entertain visitors at present." And as he concluded Gerald motioned significantly to the door. A furious scowl came over Elliston's face, and for a moment he seemed disposed to break out into a torrent of recrimination, but finally followed the example of his young cousin, and rejoined:

"Good-by; I wish you success in either of your new vocations."

Pearson gathered up his papers, and as he followed his companion out of the room, whispered in his ear,

"If that wasn't a direct hint to go, I never got one."

"I mistrust that man, Gerald dear," said Mrs. Rockingham. "He detests you, and I'm sure that he led poor Alister into many of his more serious scrapes. Whenever they went racing together, your poor father always lost."

"And my cousin Cuthbert?" inquired Gerald.

"I don't know. No one, I fancy, ever knew much about his affairs, but I have a suspicion that your poor father paid for him many a time when things went against him."

"You need not fear my making him my confidant," said Gerald. "He has always disliked me from my boyhood."

Mr. Gerald Rockingham would have been mightily offended had any one presumed to hint that was still not quite over.

"But, Gerald," interposed Ellen, "you surely have no idea of turning groom or gamekeeper? Of course, we must do our duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call us, but anything of tha tsort would be so very humiliating for a Rockingham!"

She had her mission, and her own ideas of doing good, but under no circumstances must there be any debasement of the family name.

"No, Ellen," said Gerald, as he wound his arm round her waist, "I don't, of course, know what I am going to do yet, but I don't suppose I shall turn my attention to either of those pursuits. Still, it is very difficult to get something to do when you have been brought up to do nothing. I'm not a clever fellow, you know, and it's rather difficult to say to what I could turn my hand. Of course, mother, we shall have to leave Cranley Chase, but they are sure to give us decent time to arrange that. The sale of a big landed property is not managed in a moment. When you and Ellen are comfortably settled somewhere, then I shall begin to look about me."

The boy seemed transformed; the knowledge of the loss of his inheritance seemed to have made a man of him. Already he was facing the situation in the way men, if they have any "grit" in them, *do* face ruin.

"It comes hard upon you, Gerald," said Mrs. Rockingham, as she kissed him; "but remember I could never bear to hear a word against your father."

"As if I would ever utter one against him! He was the *beau ideal* of a Yorkshire gentleman. And if the old place is gone, why, we must just make the best of it. Do you think, mother dear, that Pearson has been quite honest in his dealings?"

"I can not say. Your poor father placed implicit reliance upon him, especially in all cases of raising money."

"I shall ride into York to-morrow, and ask Mr. Writson to act for me in the settlement of our affairs. He has the reputation of being an honest man, and though I don't suppose he can do much for us, yet he may be able to save something for us out of the wreck. There are one or two people I want to see besides."

The one or two people that Gerald wanted to see besides might have been condensed into Dollie Greyson, who he found had just returned to her uncle's after spending her Christmas holidays at Riddleton Grange.

The next day, accordingly, saw Gerald riding into York. Mr. Writson, a shrewd, able lawyer, gave him but cold comfort. He said he should be happy to do his best, but was afraid that Mr. Pearson had only too accurate a knowledge of the Squire's embarrassments. "Indeed, sir," he continued, "I regret to say that it has been rumored for some time that Mr. Rockingham was in difficulties. However, as I said before, if you wish me to act for you, I will."

That point satisfactorily settled, Gerald made the best of his way to Coney Street. Dollie was not in the shop, and walking straight up to her uncle, Gerald asked if he could see her. He had so often taken the girl out riding that there was nothing unusual in this request, and Thomas Greyson replied at once,

"Yes; you'll find her in the sitting-room upstairs."

He found Dollie busy at the piano. She turned round when she heard the door open, and exclaimed, holding out her hand,

"Oh, Gerald, I am so glad to see you again, and I am so sorry for you besides, for, of course, we have all heard of your loss."

"Yes, though not, perhaps, the whole of it. I have come to say good-by to you. When I put that ring on your finger last September, and wanted you to consider it an engaged ring, I honestly meant it. I looked forward in a few years to making you my wife. But it has all altered now. I am simply ruined. Whether you would have said 'Yes,' I can't say; but I only know that as soon as ever I came of age I should have asked you to marry me."

"And if you had been the heir of Cranley Chase, I think I should have said 'No,' although I love you very dearly; but now I am yours, whatever your position in life may be, whenever you come to claim me."

"Ah, Dollie," he replied, gravely, "you don't know how complete a wreck it is. What is left will barely support my mother and sister, and how I am to get my own living I really don't know, unless I follow the advice that brute Cuthbert Elliston gave me. He told me I'd better turn pad groom or gamekeeper. And it's bitterly true, Dollie. I *can* shoot, and I *can* ride, but I think I like riding best."

"Can ride!" cried the girl, with sparkling eyes. "I should think you can do it. You remember the famous day when you got leave to take me to Askham Bogg. What a day we had; but splashed, torn, and dishevelled as I was, we *did* see the finish of that run by hook or by crook, and there were many good men of the hunt who didn't."

"Ah, well, Dollie, I suppose I'd best go for pad groom, or something of that kind."

"Stop; I have an idea. Listen to me. You have often laughed, and said what a practical little woman I am. If you turn groom, Gerald, you'll remain a groom all your life; and though I'll be your wife all the same, I don't want that for your sake. Come into father's stable. He's a hard master, I know; but you will at all events see me a little, and I can, perhaps, make things easy for you. Father will do anything for me. Remember stable-boys become jockeys, and jockeys in these days make fortunes."

"But wouldn't he recognize me?"

"No. Your father hasn't trained with mine for many years. I know he never saw you at Doncaster last year; and even if he has seen you once or twice, he will never recognize the heir of Cranley Chase in the stable-boy seeking a situation. But I shall, Gerald dear."

"By heavens, I'll try it, Dollie."

CHAPTER VI.

RIDDLETON MOOR.

About three months have elapsed since Gerald made up his mind to follow Dollie Greyson's advice. Both men and horses are pretty busy upon Riddleton Moor this March morning, for the racing season is now in full swing, and the trainer knows that his charges are wanted just as often as he can get them ready. William Greyson's is not a large stable; still, he has a tolerably good string, there being some sixteen or eighteen horses doing their work on the moor this morning, some taking walking exercise in their sheets, some of them, divested of their clothing, doing good steady canters at different distances. But the whole excitement of the morning seemed centred in a group of three horses which are evidently preparing for a good strong gallop, and what particularly attracted attention to them were the vagaries of a slashing iron-gray colt, the mounting of which even seemed no easy matter. As for the unfortunate boy destined for the top of that colt's back, he evidently looked forward to no pleasant ride. This was the Dancing Master, a magnificent three-year-old, but afflicted with a most uncontrollable temper. That the boy was thrown into the saddle was a matter of course; but the Dancing Master apparently deeply resented the indignity: he lashed out twice wickedly; but the two or three people about him understood him much too well not to have kept well clear of his heels. His young rider, although a good deal shaken in his seat, managed to stick on, and then the Dancing Master condescended to walk quietly after his two stable companions.

"Now, Donaldson," said Greyson, addressing the leading boy, who was mounted on a rich dark chestnut horse, "you know what I want: a strongish pace for the first three-quarters of a mile, and then brush them up a bit the last two furlongs. Now, then—off you go."

The horses jumped off; but that wasn't all, for the Dancing Master immediately indulged in two tremendous plunges, and his boy was jumped off too. The horse seemed perfectly satisfied with his achievement, for he remained quietly shaking his head, and made no attempt to follow his companions, who promptly stopped at Greyson's emphatic shout to them to pull up.

"Confound you!" muttered the trainer, almost shaking his fist at the horse as he caught him by the bridle. "What an unnatural brute you are! When you know you can run clean away from anything in the stable, why don't you go and do it, instead of indulging in these tantrums?—Here, Donaldson; walk your horse down to where Butters is, on the far side of the ground, and tell him he must come up here to give the Dancing Master his gallop."

Butters really was a fine horseman, and but for his weight might have been riding races at this time. He was very soon upon the back of the gray, and after two or three plunges the horse seemed to recognize there was no possibility of getting rid of him. Once more was the order given to go, and Donaldson again leads the way; this time the Dancing Master slips off in easy fashion, and follows his leaders in sober, decorous manner. Things went very well till they came to the six-furlong post, where, according to orders, Donaldson quickened his pace, and then, to Mr. Greyson's utter astonishment, the Dancing Master apparently couldn't hold his own. The trainer set spurs to his hack and galloped down as soon as the spin was over to know what was the meaning of this.

"Well, Joe," he exclaimed, as he arrived at the mile-post, "what was it?"

"Just this, sir," replied Butters; "the minute I called upon him to go a bit in earnest, he sulked and shut up."

"He wasn't done at all?" inquired the trainer.

"Done!" replied the head lad. "Not a bit of it; he was pulling my arms off. He simply refused to go on. There's some of them have done racing when they have done pulling. Blessed if this horse ain't a conundrum! I believe him to be a real flyer if it wasn't for his temper. I've backed him for the Two Thousand, and most devoutly wish I hadn't."

"Well, Joe, I think you may take 'em all home now. There's no more to be done this morning."

When Mr. Greyson, after handing his hack over to one of the stable-men, walked toward the house, he found hanging about the gate a dark-eyed-looking lad attired in a gray tweed stable jacket, moleskin trousers fitting pretty tightly to the leg, with some half-dozen buttons at the bottom outside each ankle, a rather gaudy silk handkerchief twisted round his neck, and a tweed cap slouched over his brows.

"Well, my lad, what do you want?" inquired the trainer.

"Work," replied Gerald, curtly, as he touched his cap.

"Of what kind? And what makes you come to me?"

"I think I can ride," replied Gerald.

"Nobody ever comes to me who doesn't," rejoined Greyson, "and it's astonishing how I differ with them at the end of the week. Mark me, my lad, there's always room in a racing stable for a boy who can ride; but I keep a trial horse. Do you know what that means?"

"Of course: one with which you test the capabilities of the other horses in your stable."

While they were speaking, the trainer led the way through the wicket, and strolling leisurely across the grass-plat, they now arrived at the porch. At the sound of their voices a half-open lattice was pushed still further open, and Dollie's head peeped out. The speakers could not see her in consequence of the roof of the porch, at the entrance of which they stopped, nor she them, but she could overhear every word they uttered, and naturally recognized their voices. It is almost superfluous to say that Dollie was perfectly well aware of the morning on which her lover was to make his application for employment at the Riddleton stables. Indeed, she had already exchanged a few words with Gerald at the gate while her father was on the moor.

"No; my trial horse is a test of my lads' riding. The Dancing Master—you'll understand his name when you've had a ride on him—is about the wickedest I ever had in training. Now, look here, boy, if you like to ride him a gallop to-morrow morning, and he don't put you down or run away with you, I'll give you a chance. Be here at six to-morrow morning, and in the mean time, if you go into the house, they will give you something to eat and a mug of ale."

Gerald winced a little at the trainer's last remark; but there was one who winced far more than he did, and that one was Dollie, who had not lost one word of the conversation. She could not repress a slight shiver as her lover's degradation was thus brought home to her, and she remembered that it was she who had counselled his taking this step. Many girls would have felt nervous and frightened at the idea of the ordeal he was to go through on the morrow, and Dollie knew perfectly well what giving that iron-gray colt a gallop meant; but it must be borne in mind that Dollie had been brought up amongst horses and horsemen. She knew Gerald could ride, and believed in his riding as only a girl does believe in her lover's ability to do anything. No; she might be a little anxious, but she had no fear for him on the morrow; it was the humiliation of to-day that wounded her so deeply, that her Gerald—Gerald Rockingham, of Cranley Chase, should be consigned to her father's kitchen to get "something to eat and a mug of ale"—and this was the first time he had crossed the threshold of her home! He who should have come there as an honored guest was meeting with the reception of a mere stable-lad on trial! And then Dollie knit her pretty brows in dire perplexity, and wondered whether she had been right in advising the step.

As for Gerald, he cared little about it. He walked off to the kitchen, joked the maids, and devoured the food and drink set before him with a hearty appetite. One accomplishment stood him in good stead. It is not an uncommon one. People born in a county, although they may speak excellent English, can also, if they choose, speak the *patois* of their county. Gerald was one of these, and could speak the broadest Yorkshire when it pleased him. He had thoroughly made up his mind to go through with his new part. The idea of riding the Dancing Master did not at all discompose him. He had ridden some very awkward horses before now. The only thing was, it would be an awful bore to be kicked off; and though he flattered himself he could stick pretty close to anything, still, what had happened to many others might also happen to him, and then, he supposed— Well, old Greyson wouldn't give him an engagement.

Six o'clock the next morning found Gerald seated under the tree that fronted the Grange, patiently waiting the arrival of the trainer. Already he had seen the sheeted string of thoroughbreds, and under the superintendence of Butters take their way to the moor. A few minutes later, and William Greyson emerges from the house, and walks toward the gate, where one of the stable helps is holding his hack for him.

"Ah! my lad, so you have come to be tested, and see what you can do with about the wickedest I ever trained."

"I'm good to try, sir," replied Gerald, quietly.

"I rather like that, my boy," said the trainer. "It's a good deal better than that confounded confidence of half these young whipper-snappers in my employment; though I'm bound to say," he continued, with a grin, "the Dancing Master has taken the conceit out of most of them. Now you can just follow me up to the moor, and then I'll see what you can do."

Gerald trudged along by the trainer's side for about a mile, and by that time they were on the Riddleton training-ground.

Do you suppose Dollie Greyson was in her bed this March morning when her lover's riding was to be so severely tested? She was up and dressed quite as soon as her father. Now it so happened that the upper windows of the Grange commanded an excellent view of the gallops on the moor. It was true it was a mile off, but that is easily within the range of a good race glass. Three pairs of these were hanging, as she well knew, in her father's room, and no sooner had he left it than she rushed across, and selecting what she considered the best pair, brought it back to her own room, opened the window, and prepared to be a spectator of the proceedings. She saw her father and Gerald arrive on the moor, and then, after some little delay, she saw the horse led down, which, as soon as the sheets were removed, her practiced eye recognized as the Dancing Master.

There was a little group gathered round him, and it was evident that a consultation of some sort was taking place.

"Now, my lad," said the trainer, "there's the horse, and, mind, all I've told you about him is true; so take care of yourself. Here, lend him a pair of spurs and whip, some of you."

"Thank you, Mr. Greyson," replied Gerald; "but you've told me this is an awkward one, and I'd rather not have any spurs, though I'll take a whip."

"Look here, young feller," said Butters, in a low tone, "if you can't ride above a bit, don't you try it. If you don't know how to fall, don't you try it, for he'll put you down to a moral. You're a lovely weight if you know how to do it, and should come down light; but that colt—oh, Lord! he chucks them off as quick as you shell peas."

Another moment, and Gerald is on the back of the gray. For a moment or two after his head is loosed, the colt stands motionless, whilst Gerald pats him on the neck, and, not the least deceived by this apparent calm, grips the saddle firmly with his knees. Then the Dancing Master commences his usual vagaries. A savage lash out behind is followed by a couple of furious plunges, which Gerald sits like a Centaur, and then the fierce fight between horse and man commences. A practiced eye like Greyson's speedily detects that this new candidate for employment *can* ride, and, what strikes the trainer even more than that, is the temper and patience he is showing in the struggle. The Dancing Master has been kicking and plunging his wickedest now for some minutes, sulking at intervals only to break out again with more malevolence. At last Gerald takes up the whip and uses it in real earnest. It seems to madden the horse; he plunges worse than ever, and in response to every plunge the whip cracks relentlessly round his ribs. Having failed so far to get rid of his rider by the usual method, he suddenly rears up and throws himself back, and comes down with Gerald's leg under him. There is a rush of the lookers-on to his assistance, as there is, of course, danger of the horse striking him in getting up. When they draw Gerald from under the horse he is insensible.

"Here—some of you!" cries the trainer, promptly; "put him in a spare sheet, and carry him down to the Grange. As for you, you devil," he continued, shaking his fist at the gray colt, who stood trembling a little at the result of his fall, "I suppose we never shall teach you manners!"

As for Dollie, who has viewed the desperate struggle between horse and man, when she sees the colt go back, she feels sick, and turns white to her very lips. Then she sees him dexterously jerked away the minute the horse, commencing to rise, takes its weight off his leg; and then she sees again that ominous sign which makes her heart stand still—to wit, that he does not get up.

"Oh, my God! he's killed," she murmurs; "and it is I who have killed him."

But Dollie was no helpless young woman in times of exigency. Bravely swallowing down a hysterical sob or two, she dashes down-stairs and dispatches some one in pursuit of the nearest doctor; then stifling a strong inclination to order her own room to be prepared for the suffer-er, she gives orders that a more modest apartment shall be got ready for him, and then, with beating heart and ashen cheeks, runs down to the wicket-gate to await Gerald's arrival. The first sign of it is the appearance of her father at a canter.

"Send somebody off for the doctor at once, my girl, and get a room ready on the ground-floor. The new lad has had an awkward fall."

"I have done all that. He is not killed, father, is he?" she added, the tears welling up in her eyes.

"Killed—no; but it's knocked the senses out of him. Until the doctor comes we shall hardly know to what extent he's hurt. But what's all this? Your cheeks are as white as a sheet, and the tears in your eyes."

"Oh, it's nothing, father; but I—I—I saw the accident, and it's rather upset me."

A few minutes more and Gerald is carried through the wicket and laid quietly down on the grass-plot under the tree. It requires all Dollie's self-control to prevent her throwing herself on her knees by his side and covering his pale cheeks with her kisses. She hardly dares trust herself to speak, but, motioning to the house, says, in a low voice,

"His room is ready."

As they raise him again, Gerald opens his eyes, and, in answer to an inquiry from the trainer, replies:

"No. I'm a good deal shook; still, I don't think I'm broke anywhere; but, Mr. Greyson, you try your boys rather high."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HON. JOHN P. ST. JOHN.

Mr. St. John, of Kansas, who has received the nomination of the Prohibitionists for the Presidency, was eulogized in the Convention by a lady—Miss Frances E. Willard—who called him the Path-finder, the John C. Fremont of the new campaign. She had known him as "a little man, a barefoot boy, with feet of tan," and had seen him make his way toward the West, and, when other men were asleep, study Blackstone and Coke, and when the war broke out, not wait to be drafted, but voluntarily bare his breast to "the enemy then, who is the friend of to-day." This speech was made by Miss Willard when she seconded his nomination, and it is not often that a nomination to the Presidency is seconded by an eloquent woman.

Mr. St. John is probably the strongest man whom the Prohibitionists could put in the field as a Presidential candidate. He is very popular in the West. In 1883 his party polled more than 92,000 votes in Kansas, electing him Governor of the State, and adopting a prohibitory Constitution. Mr. St. John's portrait is given on page 497.

THE GREELY EXPEDITION.

On page 501 we give an illustration, drawn from careful descriptions furnished by officers of the relief expedition, of the rescue of Lieutenant Greely and his surviving comrades, the account of which was given in the last number of Harper's Weekly; and on page 504 an illustration of the melancholy death scene of Mr. Rick, the photographer of the Greely expedition. On the same page will be found portraits of Dr. Pavy, the surgeon of the expedition, and of Biederbeck and Ellison, the latter of whom died a few days after the rescue, as already related in our columns.

The tragic fate of Sergeant Rick, who died from weakness and exposure on the 6th of April, is told by his surviving comrade, Sergeant Fredericks. These brave men had volunteered to leave the camp a few days before, and proceed a distance of twenty-five miles for some meat that was cached near Cape Isabella. They had a sled, rifle, and hatchet, and provisions for five days. They travelled for three days, but failed to find the cache. On the way toward their camp Rick became weak, and finally gave up. He was attacked by a blood flux that gradually wore him down. He succumbed, and was interred in an ice grave by his companion.

Fredericks camped out that night under a fragment of a boat, and next day revisited his companion's grave to pay a last tribute to his remains. He retained sufficient strength to drag back the sled, with the hatchet, rifle, and cooking utensils, to the camp, where he learned of the death of Lieutenant Lockwood and another of the party. The cached meat that Fredericks and Rick were in search of was brought by them a few days earlier from Cape Isabella, and was abandoned in order to drag Ellison, one of their party, who had been frozen, into camp. Rick was the life of the Greely party, full of hope, buoyancy, and energy, and his death was a terrible blow to them. He died in a brave struggle to prolong their existence.

A WAR OF EXTERMINATION.

At the time of the discovery of this country its entire temperate zone, from Central America to the arctic regions, and from ocean to ocean, was a buffalo range. White men saw and killed them within thirty miles of the site now occupied by the city of Charleston, South Carolina; in Virginia and Pennsylvania they were traced to the sea-board; and though no evidence remained to show that they ever ranged east of the Hudson or Lake Champlain, there was also none to prove the contrary. Like the fowls of the air, they migrated from North to South and back again with the changing seasons, and their trails, invariably seeking the easiest grades and safest crossing-places of rivers, were the pioneers of wagon roads and railways. Fifty years ago the magnificent beasts inhabited the vast territory between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains in such countless numbers that they were estimated by millions, and it was supposed that the supply of buffalo meat and robes in this country was absolutely inexhaustible. It was only in 1870 that a writer in Harper's Monthly Magazine laughed at the fears of the Indians that the buffalo would soon be exterminated, and declared such fears to be groundless. To-day, less than fifteen years from that date, the buffalo has practically disappeared from this country, and a few small herds, one on the Pecos River in Texas, and two or three in the extreme North, are all that remain of the millions of a decade ago. Even these are surrounded by an army of butchers, who slaughter them as ruthlessly as though they were vermin and their speedy destruction was imperatively demanded.

During these years every man's hand has been raised against them, and none has been lifted in their defense. The United States government has even encouraged their extermination, by furnishing cavalry escorts to parties of titled foreigners who have visited the plains with the avowed and sole purpose of becoming buffalo butchers. The writer has repeatedly seen such expeditions fitted out at Forts Riley, Kearny, Lyons, Laramie, Garland, and other military posts on the plains. The party was generally composed of two or three titled Englishmen, a retinue of hangers-on and servants, all armed with the most deadly repeating rifles, a company or squad of United States soldiers, and all the army officers and loafers of the post who could find time and an excuse to join the hunt. In two or three weeks they would return, after having killed as many buffalo as would have supplied all the Indians on the plains with meat, and leaving the carcasses to feed the wolves or to rot where they fell. Of course they had saved for the camp mess here and there tidbits of the meat when they had found time to stop and secure them, and a few hides had been preserved as trophies; but the main object of the hunt was invariably to see who in a given time could kill the most game. Merely for the sake of being afterward able to boast that they had wantonly destroyed so many dozens, scores, or hundreds of inoffensive animals, these so-called sportsmen threw aside their manliness and descended to the level of pot-hunters and butchers. With no pretext save the satisfying of their lust for slaughter, they were more contemptible than the members of the army of white men who at this time infested the plains and made a living by killing the buffalo for their meat or hides. With the advent of railroads, which in 1870 traversed the breadth of the richest buffalo range, the country watered by the Platte, the Smoky Hill, and the Arkansas rivers, the slaughter increased tenfold, and trains rolled heavily eastward laden with tons of buffalo tongues and hams. What they carried away was not a hundredth part of what had been killed, for only the choicest portions of the best carcasses were deemed of sufficient value to transport even as far as the railway stations, and here hundreds of tons rotted before means for their further transportation could be obtained. Eastern markets became so glutted with tainted buffalo meat that the demand for it ceased, and those who had only hunted the buffalo for meat, leaving the skins to rot with the bulk of the carcass where the animal fell, now turned their attention with redoubled eagerness to killing for skins only. A hunter, armed with a magazine rifle and a brace of big revolvers, could and did destroy an average of from seventy-five to a hundred buffalo per day, and furnished steady employment for the ten or a dozen skinners who followed his bloody trail. For a few years thousands of men were thus employed, and the doomed buffalo disappeared like dew before the summer sun. From time to time feeble protests have been made by the Indians, who have gazed aghast upon this wholesale destruction of their staple food supply; but the protests have been ignored, the protesters killed, and all has gone on as before.

After having completed their horrible work of destruction, and caused the buffalo to disappear from the face of the earth, these pitiful pot-hunters returned to their legitimate business, and became scavengers. For six dollars per ton they gleaned from the plains a stinking harvest of bones, horns, and hoofs, and the trains which went laden, first with meat and then with robes, now groan beneath these osseous relics of the once mighty race of buffalo, to-day practically extinct and wiped out of existence.

Still more contemptible than any of the buffalo butchers already mentioned are those who, from pure wantonness, have blazed away at him from the wagons of emigrant trains, from stage-coaches, and from railway cars, whenever he has come within range of their murderous weapons. Uninspired by the excitement of the chase or the hope of gain, these ignoble manipulators of fire-arms maintained their deadly fusillades as long as a buffalo remained within range, without knowing or caring whether their victims fell dead in their tracks or were left to linger for a time in agony. In this way, from the days of the first gold-hunters until the buffalo had been swept from the plains, the main routes of travel were lined for hundreds of miles with their decaying carcasses and grinning skulls.

On page 500 our artist has graphically depicted a number of the scenes once common on the Western plains, but now to be numbered among the things of the past. Of these pictures, No. 1 is of buffalo cows and calves, No. 2 is of a mortal combat of rivals, and No. 3 shows the herd drawn up in order of battle, and presenting a formidable front to an enemy; No. 4 shows an Indian method of hunting, in which by single shots fired at considerable intervals the greater portion of a small herd could be killed before the alarm was given; No. 5 represents a party of white butchers at work, and No. 9 is the scene of their operations after they have passed on and left their victims to the mercies of wolves and buzzards; No. 6 is of a railway train that has been brought to a stand-still in order that its occupants may try their hands at murder; No. 7 represents a migrating herd, and in No. 8 a group of dejected buffalo occupy the only asylum in which they can hope for life—behind the prison bars of a zoological museum.

Kirk Munroe.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

There is a rumor that a comedy troupe has been massacred in Algiers. The wonder is that comedy troupes meet this fate so seldom.

It must be some horribly malicious person who originated and put forth anonymously the report that fashionable people arriving from Europe are evading the payment of duty on no end of finery by tacking upon their trunks cards containing addresses in Marseilles.

There is intelligence from the Old World to the effect that the suit begun in 1604 to recover forests and mines in the Hartz Mountains valued at some five millions of dollars "is hoped to be approaching a decisive point."

Some American students in Germany treated the Berliners to the spectacle of a game of baseball on Independence-day. The nines were from Göttingen and Berlin, and the ground was the Tempelhofen Feld. The Germans are said to have looked upon the playing as something unique and amazing. They could not understand it, and the attempt of one of the German papers to make it plain to them by describing the game in detail in its next issue is said to have been in vain, though it afforded much amusement to American readers. The score—eighteen runs for the Berlin nine and eleven for the Göttingen boys—recalls the high figures that were scored when the game was twenty years younger in the United States.

It is gratifying to observe that even in New Jersey the laws of Nature are held to be superior to those enacted by the Legislature. The question came up whether a certain iron-mining company could be restrained from allowing water to run from its mine to a mine of another company on a lower level. The court held that water ran down-hill in accordance with natural laws, and that the statutes provided no remedy.

The supply of barons and other noblemen in Germany is far in excess of the demand, and it is asserted that a scheme has been devised for getting rid of the impecunious and burdensome surplus. It originated, the cable says, with the nobility, and it may have been suggested to them by certain combinations of nobility and capital which have resulted from the presence of American heiresses in the Old World. The plan is to send indigent male members of noble families to Chili, present them with land, and hope that they will succeed in marrying young women with money enough to feed both and improve the soil. Those who fail are to be assisted back to Germany. It is asserted that the Chilian government is favorable to the scheme, and will do something toward helping it along. From this distance the arrangement looks rather clumsy. When an American girl—that is, a North American girl—wishes to become a titled personage, she doesn't undertake to work a farm besides supporting a nobleman.

If the inflictions of Asiatic cholera and Georgia electric girls are coming together, the people of this fated city may as well prepare to be doubled up. There is already an electric girl in every museum now open from Coney Island to the head of the Bowery, and they have only just begun to arrive. In England thought-readers are amusing the public, but they are less appreciated by the galleries than are our electric girls.

The biggest thing of its kind is always an object of interest to Americans, who are just now reading in almost every newspaper they take up that the biggest skylight in the United States is to be in the Chicago Board of Trade Building, and that its dimensions will be sixty by sixty-eight feet. It will cost about five thousand dollars.

While the recent great parade of trades-unions in London was taking place, a series of loud detonations was heard in the direction of the government offices. The crowd thought the dynamiters had begun operations again, and there was a rush toward Whitehall. There they found the Horse-Guards firing a salute in honor of the birth of the Duchess of Albany's son.

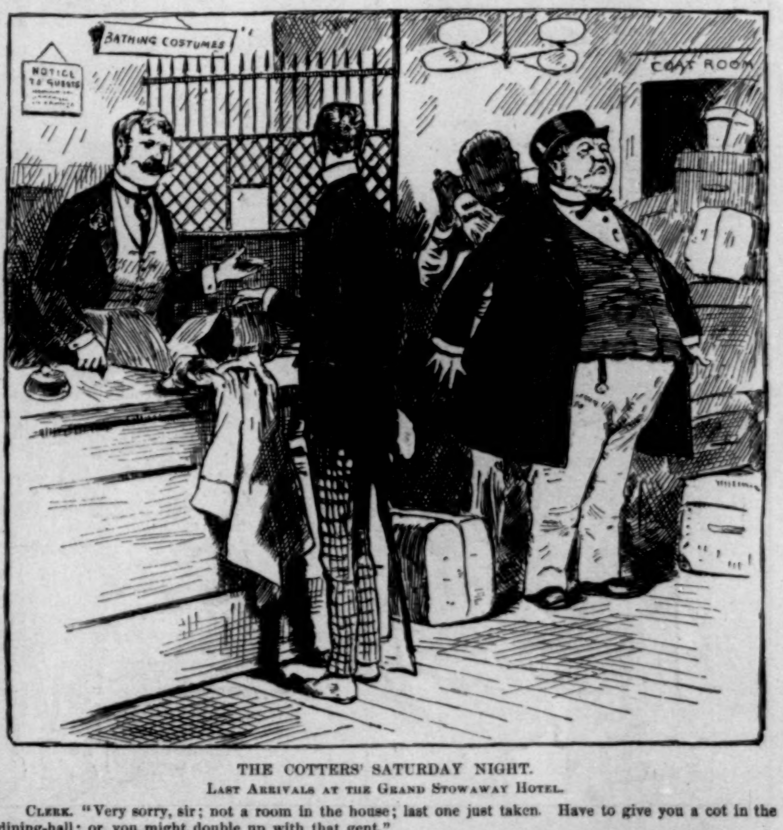
A writer in London says that there is a revolt against late dining hours, which have prevailed there for some time. The Prince of Wales has given his sanction to entertaining at luncheon, and the victory is counted as good as won.

Among the persons who have called at the national head-quarters of the Republicans in this city with schemes for helping along the campaign was a man who said he had been a college professor, and is now the owner of a balloon. He proposed to attach a Blaine and Logan banner to his aerostat, float over a town all day, and settle down and make a speech in the evening. He asked for a week's salary in advance.

Early in the season the indications were that the upland resorts would attract unusual throngs of summer visitors, leaving the sea-side hotels and cottages with plenty of unoccupied room. These indications have not been realized, so far as the mountains are concerned. Somebody of a statistical turn has made a table purporting to show the number of guests at each of the hotels in the Catskill region in comparison with the number for which there are accommodations. These figures indicate that the hotels are not half full. It is estimated that there are twenty thousand less persons in the Catskills than there were last season at this time. Cool weather, financial troubles, and cheap fares to Europe are the causes assigned.

Out-going European steamers are carrying few passengers, while those arriving from the other side have long cabin lists. Cholera in Europe is the cause of it. It is fortunate for some of the steam-ship companies that the alarm came so far along in the season; otherwise there would have been few Americans in the Old World to bring home, and with the exceedingly close competition between lines, some of the companies might have gone to the wall.

There is less filth lying exposed in the streets of New York now than at any other time in many years. That the city is so clean and so well prepared to resist the spread of cholera, in the event of its coming, is not due to the efficiency of the street-cleaning service, but to the almost unparalleled showers that came not long ago. They flooded the streets with a volume of water sufficient to sweep away the accumulated filth, and left the lower streets almost as clean as those of Murray Hill. Persons who believe in luck ought to feel assured that the cholera will keep away from New York altogether, for when luck begins to run in any direction, it must, according to their belief, keep it up for a while.

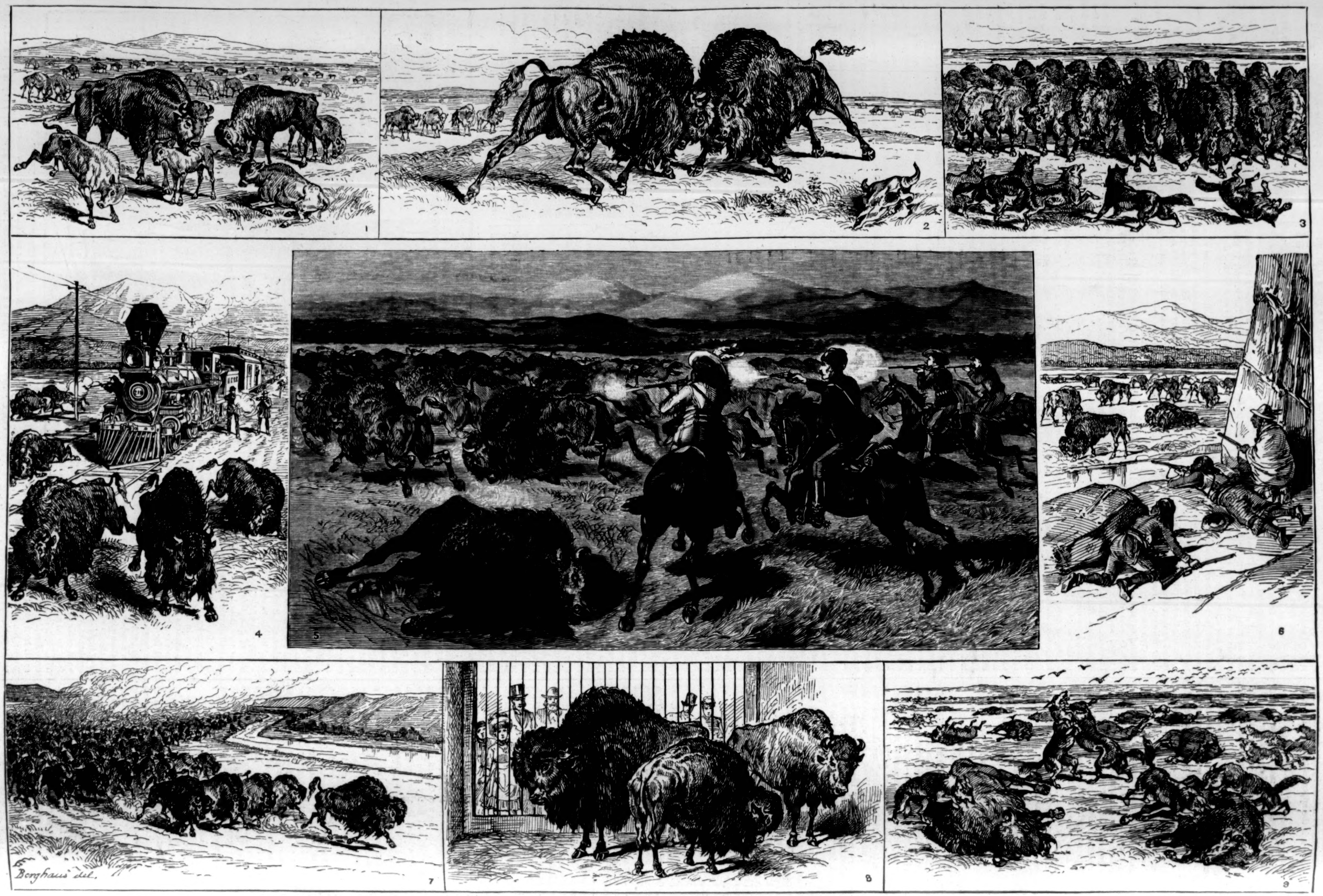


THE COTTERS' SATURDAY NIGHT.

Last Arrivals at the Grand Stowaway Hotel.

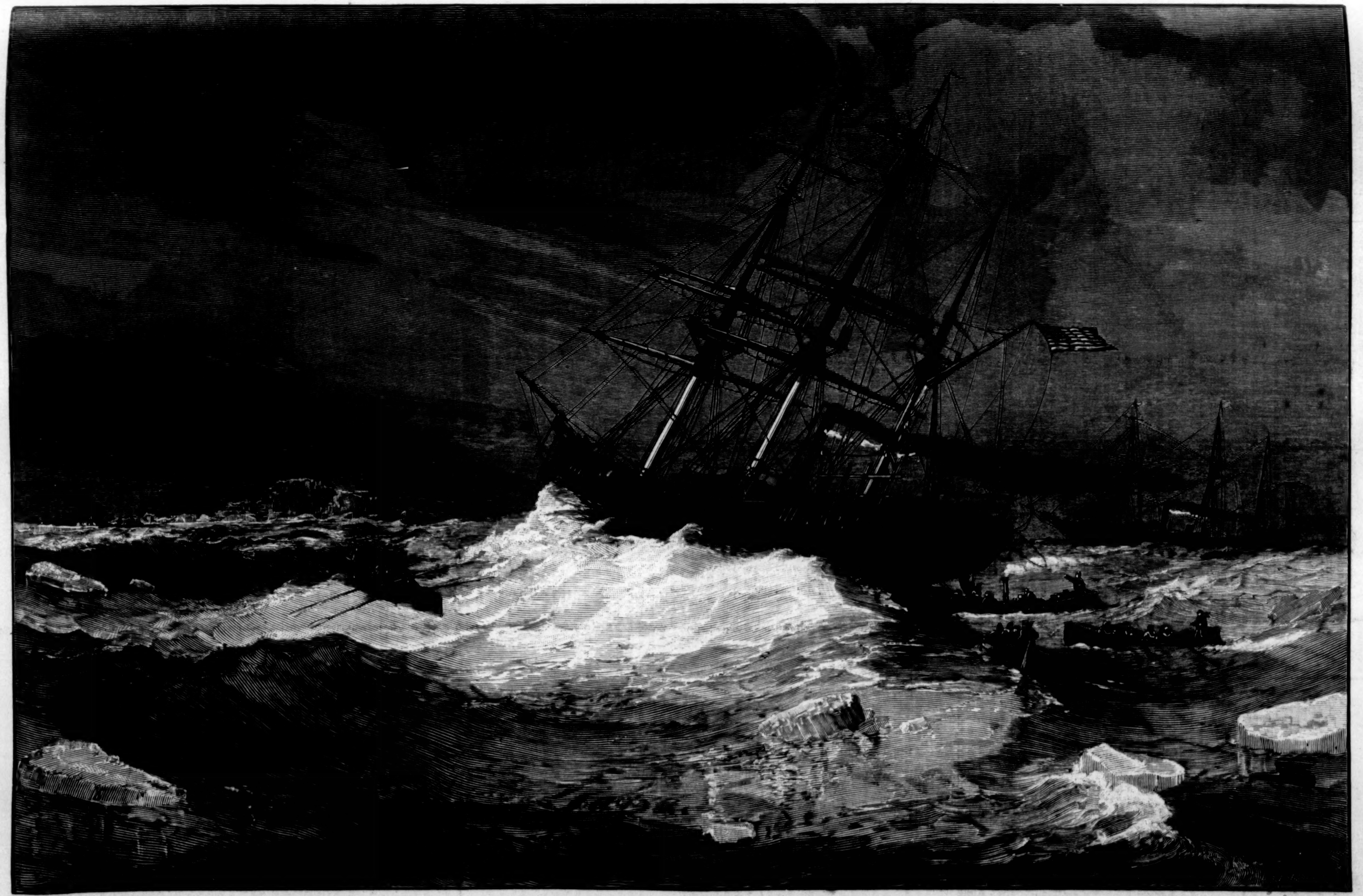
Clerk. "Very sorry, sir; not a room in the house; last one just taken. Have to give you a cot in the dining-hall; or, you might double up with that gent."

Slight Party. "Yas, I might, but wather think it safer to twy and double up with the cot. I'm not vewy wobust."



1. A peaceful Family. 2. The Rivals—a Duel. 3. "A Hollow Square"—Attack by Wolves. 4. Clear the Track. 5. Slaughter. 6. A Still Hunt. 7. On the March. 8. In Captivity. 9. In the Track of the Hunters.

BUFFALO HUNTING.—Drawn by Berghaus.—[See Page 499.]



THE RESCUE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson, from Descriptions by Officers of the Relief Party.—[See Page 499.]

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

A QUESTION.

The forester lived a little way off, and it was to a wooden hut or pavilion near that holiday-makers and wayfarers betook themselves for curds and whey or other homely regales.

The wide world could not show a fairer halting-place. The sea that lay close behind was shut from view by the thickly interlaced branches of beech and pine, whilst from the open sunny plateau on which stood the hut broadened on either side a vast wilderness or natural park, vista on vista of glade, grove, and alley, all now interpenetrated with the warm afternoon glow. On the smooth sward lay broad disks of gold-like yellowing leaves of water-lilies on an olive-green lake; but farther off, among the closely serried forest trees, sunshine played fantastically as the coruscations of lightning, inky cloud and fiery flash not more strikingly contrasted than the dense shadows of the beeches thus fitfully lighted up. Beyond all, cloud upon cloud, billow upon billow, stretched the remoter reaches of the forest, no horizon marking the separation of world and sky in the dim purple haze.

The score and odd idlers lounging in front of the pavilion were, however, not intent on exquisite lights and shadows just then. In a minute or two Elizabeth, with charming grace, had introduced the two young Englishmen to this group of acquaintance, and that and the four were sipping milk and less pastoral drinks at a long table with a goodly fellowship.

"How delightful are these garden taverns, this out-of-door innkeeping!" said Arthur, as he scanned the inscription over the door of the little hostelry opposite. "In England we have not the word because we do not possess the thing. Here the inn is only the place to sleep in, and the garden or forest is the keeping-room, the closet, the hall. To escape from walls and artificial horizons, and live for a time the life of the bee, the bird, the butterfly, can anything be more enchanting?"

"That reminds me," said Elizabeth, as she smilingly handed him the black bread and butter. "This day week there is to be a dance in the forest. The fishermen every summer thus do honor to their guests, and rich and poor dance in company."

"Shall we be invited?" asked Arthur.

"Every one is invited," answered Elizabeth. "But here come more friends, and more and more;" and she rose, and Flora also, to greet the new-comers, most of them what may be called way-side acquaintances, friends made, as the fashion is, in these parts, at the mid-day ordinary, on the steamboat, or in forest resort. It is, moreover, no hard matter to find friends among those of the same manner of thinking and belonging to the same social grade as ourselves. These kindly professors and pastors, with their families, belonged to one pattern, and the same might be said of the merchants, military men, and sprinkling of titled personages. What difference of rank there might be was kept out of sight during the holiday season, just as school-boys fall out of rank on the play-ground.

On a sudden, however, there emerged from the depths of the forest the tall figure of a man who could evidently be no chance-made acquaintance of the two girls; rather a kinsman, or at least it seemed, from the affectionate way in which he greeted them, an old friend. Sunburned, travel-stained, with his knapsack on his back, and a huge knob-stick in one hand, he yet had a fine appearance. The well-shaped head, the lofty brow, the frank, honest expression, proclaimed the honest gentleman in spite of his somewhat ragamuffin exterior.

"At last we meet again!" he said, throwing down knapsack and stick, and glancing from one sister to another as he stood bare-headed before them. "At last!"

"After five years," Elizabeth answered. "Not so very long ago we heard of you in the heart of Africa."

"Where, indeed, have I not been since we last saw each other, my little friend? And Flora has grown up! But"--here he looked about him inquiringly—"there were three flowers when I went away. The eldest sister, the beautiful Stella, where is she?"

Flora crimsoned with a childish look of pain, whilst her rosy lips quivered, and tears fell from her downcast eyes. Elizabeth looked up rigid as a statue. The light that a moment before had been in her face died out. Speech did not come.

The man darted a glance at the gowns of the two girls. They were white, and white may also be the symbol of mourning. Then looking unutterably aghast and woe-begone, he got out the words under his breath, "She is dead?"

The younger sister looked at the elder. Elizabeth was now constrained to speak.

"We are but two."

The look of misery in her face stopped all further questioning, nor could any private conversation be carried on in such a place and at such a time. She added, with a great effort at collectedness: "Ask no more. We have come here to forget."

"Stella dead! Merciful heavens!" ejaculated the man under his breath; then gradually recovering himself, and seeing the humor in which Elizabeth was, he added: "I wish I were going to stay on this island since I find you here. But I never stay anywhere, as you know."

"Why in such a hurry just now?" asked Elizabeth, who had by this time regained self-composure.

"I am bound farther northward, and only landed here a few hours ago to get a glimpse of the place. Our steamer lies at anchor in the bay."

Elizabeth now turned to introduce the stranger to her new friends, who had withdrawn a little. Mr. Venning and his brother would be glad, she felt sure, to shake hands with one of their oldest friends, and a naturalist not unknown to fame, attached, moreover, to a scientific expedition that must have been heard of in England. Carl Fleming, in his turn, must be pleased to find in these tourists former pupils of Professor Brandt, of Göttingen. So she said pleasant things all round, and the business of coffee-drinking went on more genially than before.

"I am glad that we now know each other's names," Flora said, simply, to Harvey, who had contrived to remain by her side. "Is it not odd that they should be the same in your language as well as ours? We have Hervé and Arthur, and you also have Elizabeth and Flora."

"And Flower is as pretty in one tongue as another, though your surname calls you flower twice over," Harvey laughingly rejoined.

"Yes," Flora answered, merrily, "I have my two names in one; but my sister's, Elizabeth Flower—Elizabeth Blume. That sounds better in English, I think."

The company soon broke up into little knots, some to penetrate farther into the recesses of the forest, others to explore the cliff; a few, Arthur and the new-comer among them, lazily stretched their limbs on the mossy carpet. Here and there might be seen the straw hat and blue veil of some fair sketcher, whilst in the open space before the little chalet a dozen children joined hands in a merry round.

"I can not tell you how shocked I was just now to learn that those beautiful girls had lost their eldest sister," said the naturalist, as he offered Arthur a cigar. "I have known them from childhood, though my wandering life keeps us apart. The rose is left"—here he glanced at the elder sister—"and the sweet, shy bird"—here he looked toward Flora. "But where now is she who was the star?"

Arthur listened almost carelessly. Truth to tell, he was watching the exquisite picture that the pair of sisters made as they moved gracefully to and fro beside the swing. Swinging was a favorite pastime here, and they were giving delightful turns to two youngsters left out of the round.

"Do you know how it happened?" added the other.

Arthur explained that his acquaintance with the whole company dated from that morning only.

"And I see no one else I can question. But why do I want to learn more?

"'The beautiful also must die.'"

Then, as if forgetting that he was not alone, he repeated the wonderful little poem he had begun.

At any other time Arthur would have heard Schiller's verses delightedly, but he was in no mood for a sentiment just then. This breezy forest world, which was yet the world of the sea, this unwonted freshness and freedom he was breathing as purer, less trammelled air, this little life he was living twice islanded from the world of every day—all these filled him with the wild joy of living rather than deep musings about death and fate.

"Sorry enough am I to quit such a place and such a company," said Carl Fleming, rising as soon as he had finished his cigar. "Who knows? We may all meet here again on my return."

"I am in no hurry."

"Happy Englishman! enviable human being!" rejoined the other. "But summer is of the shortest on this little island. In six weeks from to-day, if you are wise, you will pack your portmanteau and be off and away. Otherwise you may be frozen in for the winter."

Time as well as Death may be a mere word in certain ears and at certain seasons. Arthur smiled, and his looks said what was in his thoughts. Six weeks seemed as far off just then as six years. Then his companion made brief adieux to the two girls, and hastened away. The rest of the company also began to disperse in groups of twos and threes.

CHAPTER V.

THE WALK HOME.

Somehow or other—none knew how it was—our little company returned in the order it had come, Arthur still keeping his place by Elizabeth's side, Harvey in close attendance upon Flora.

The girls had undertaken to show them a different way home; and what a way it was! Enchantment could go no farther.

They had suddenly quitted the upper forest world, still bathed in golden light, and, after a sharp descent of wooded pathway, found themselves in the cool twilight below, the waves of the tideless sea rippling gently on one side, whilst on the other rose chalk banks gleaming silvery white against the pure heavens, and fringed with rare flowers—hanging gardens by the sea.

High above, ripe sunshine lingered about the coppice woods, but around them all was gray, pearly, silvery, only one blotch of deep orange breaking the wide expanse. Just opposite lay a fishing brig at anchor, two ships instead of one, and the twin imaged in the water was more beautiful than the one solidly standing out against the sky; and as they walked along they saw colors no less bright close under their eyes, ruby-red and orange tangle, gleaming pebbles, patches of emerald-green sand, and how many other lovely things lying in the transparent water? Arthur's attention, however, was at once arrested by a flower in full bloom on the chalk bank. Starry bright it was, and exquisite in form, each perfect glome shining out from the background of white cliff and glossy round green leaves. There seemed a spirit in every one of these blossoms, and, as you looked at them, it seemed impossible to believe that some pensive sympathy with human things might not be here, some wistful communing with mortal joy or sorrow. Flawless each tiny ivory cup as a gem, like one to another as pearls on a string, yet a narrow observer could hardly help finding a certain individuality, an approach, if not to consciousness, to that sentient being so closely allied to it.

"Will you get me some of my favorite flowers?" asked Elizabeth, for they were all growing out of easy reach.

"I am so little skilled in flower-lore that I do not so much as know its name," Arthur replied.

"The name tells you nothing, and this lovely flower has no legend that I know of. It is the only one I have ever had a real passion for; it was my sister's favorite flower; I love it for her sake."

Arthur understood the look of dreamy sadness that now filled his companion's eyes. It was not Flora she was thinking of—the careless, sportive, living Flora—but that other sister he would never know, Stella, the beautiful, the dead.

Meantime he was scaling the steep chalk banks, gathering a tuft of creamy buds, glossy leaves here, a tall peduncle there, Elizabeth watching him with pensive approval. The sight of this natural flower bed—sprinkling of earth stars before their brighter compeers shone forth! seemed to sadden her inexpressibly. She evidently forgot that this willing knight was a mere acquaintance of yesterday.

"Do not be ruthless. Leave plenty for others," she said, beckoning him to come down, and awaiting the spoils with almost passionate impatience. Then, when he was by her side, holding up both hands full of the pure white globes delicately pencilled with faintest violet, and shedding faint fragrance, she bent down, and ecstatically and tearfully kissed them where they lay.

What wonder that the polished London-bred man of the world had not a syllable at command? At last he did get out, in a low, subdued voice: "You loved her very dearly, then, this sister?"

Elizabeth, with tears still glistening on her eyelids, now motioned him to sit down, so that she might the more conveniently bestow the lovely things in her basket. As she did so, he watching her, she said, by way of answering his question:

"Do we not all love best that which is most beautiful? And these flowers, that I have never yet found growing anywhere else, will always be very dear to me, very dear and very sad, because they will always remind me of a joy that is gone."

"We must all look forward to the joy to come," put in Arthur, not in the least knowing what he meant, only knowing that the speech sounded appropriate under the circumstances.

"There might be joy for me—" began the girl, earnestly, then breaking off suddenly, as if she felt that she was too forwardly confiding to a stranger.

"Some day, perhaps," she added, "I may tell you what I mean. That is to say, if we get to know each other better, and I can look upon you in the light of a friend."

"Might I but be your friend!" cried Arthur. His manner was honest and hearty, without a touch of sentiment.

Elizabeth made answer: "Friendships are not made in a day." She went on speaking whilst she stealthily caressed her flowers, pressing one dainty floret to her lips, another to her heart, breathing their delicate fragrance, fondling them as if they were living things.

"You may in time become my friend, and prove very serviceable to me." She stopped short, smiling gravely, as she perused his questioning face. "How can I tell if the friendship I have to offer is worth the services I must ask in return? Are you a brave man?" she suddenly asked, still studying his physiognomy.

"Try me," was Arthur's tart reply.

Elizabeth saw the look of vexation that came into her companion's face, and made quick apology.

"Pray pardon me. I had no right to put such a question. I do not know how it is; I forget we are strangers to each other," she said.

"Let me also ask your forgiveness," Arthur replied, speaking with uncompromising sincerity. The strange new situation in which he found himself seemed to demand it. "I did wrong to take affront just now. How can a man aver of himself that he is brave till his courage has been put to proof? As yet mine lies dormant; alike physical and moral ordeals are to come. But"—here the young man's voice gained in fervor, and Elizabeth realized that there might be a heroic side to this pleasant, polished man of the world—"but let me tell you my theory about courage, no matter of what kind, for it is a subject on which I have cogitated deeply. A crisis there comes to every human being, so at least I believe, when his heroism is tested, when he must go through the fire for once and for all."

"That I believe also," put in Elizabeth.

"We must store up our little stock of the heroic virtues against they are needed, for needed they surely will be, and that perhaps when we least expect it," he went on. "Thus it comes about that although, Heaven be praised, my existence up to the present time has been unusually smooth and comfortable, I am always on the lookout for a summons, like a fireman off duty."

"Strange," mused Elizabeth, "such thoughts have often crossed my own mind. Once in every lifetime human beings are brought face to face with the awful aspect of destiny. Some are sore afraid, and others show almost a god-like resolution."

"Oh, do not let us soar to such comparisons. Is it not enough to be a man?" cried Arthur.

"It should be; and just a man's *sang-froid*, a man's daring, I need now. If I might only find in you the friend, the brother, the champion of my dreams!"

She broke off again, taken aback by her own outspokenness and abandon, and glanced at Flora, now daintily picking her way through the water, Harvey holding her hand as she stepped from stone to stone.

"Flora and I are alone in the world, and you have no sisters. Perhaps that is why we are drawn with such friendliness one toward another," she said, in a half-apologetic voice, although her companion looked in no need of apology. She added, with the same irresistible manner, half joyfully confiding, half bird-like shy: "And none of us know how these things are. We often find friendship and sympathy when we most need them."

Arthur was about to make appropriate answer, when she quickly and, as he thought, unkindly changed the subject. She could not forget her flowers, and the recollections of mixed pain and delight they brought, whilst she was evidently anxious to discard personal talk.

"The thought in my own mind now must have struck you," she said. "Is it not strange that whilst we cling passionately to certain aspects and certain ineffably lovely creations of nature, they have nothing to do with us, and remain outside our poor little life of clouds and sunshine. The beautiful visible world is not made for us. Think of this island. I have heard my parents say that not so very many years ago never a stranger was seen in the fairy spot where we now are. Yet the water crystal clear flowed then as now, showing the golden flowers of the sea, these hanging gardens made the air fragrant, and there was the glory of the woods above."

"But is it not well for our peace of mind that it should be so?" asked Arthur. "Were the natural world in perpetual sympathy with us, nature a mirror of our joys and sorrows, who could support such dual existence? The weight of twofold memory, the real and the reflected, would crush us."

"You are right. Why must we be the slaves of one?" cried Elizabeth.

Then, with a sudden impulse, as if the sight of the flowers and the associations they called up were becoming unbearable, she emptied her basket. One by one she now took out each tall stem, with its twin leaves of deep green and blossom of moony white, and laid them tenderly in a tiny hollow close by—memories in their grave!

"If we ever become friends," she said, "I will tell you why the sight of these flowers is insupportable to me. Now let us join the others, and all hasten home."

There was no hastening, however. Why should there be when every moment the evening became more delicious? Elizabeth and her companion still kept close to the cliffs, now thridding lovely little green ways cut in the forest, that here dipped to the water's edge, now skirting the chalk banks, fragrant with wild flowers. Harvey and Flora, only removed from them by an arm's-breadth or two, remained on the shore.

The girl, playfully eager, was searching for amber. It was often found here, she said, and kept the wearer from wizardry and the evil-eye.

"You surely do not believe in such things?" laughed Harvey.

"Only when I am on this island," Flora answered, with perfect gravity. "It is an enchanted place, as you will discover if you stay here long enough. You may throw aside your talisman when you reach the opposite coast."

"But if the sorcery is of an agreeable kind? Better submit to the spell," Harvey said, still mocking and ironic.

"I could tell you a story that I think would make you believe in evil influences beyond mortal ken," Flora answered, in a low, timid, yet eager voice. "Can it be otherwise explained how souls beautiful as those of angels become dark and evil? But I must not talk to you in this way. Elizabeth would be angry."

"Your sister has evidently taken kindly to my brother. She sees that we are not adventurers, anyhow," pleaded Harvey, in an aggrieved tone.

"Elizabeth is older than I am. I must be guided by her in everything," Flora made reply, and could not be brought to talk of amber or angelic souls any more. The four were now overtaken by friends and acquaintances, with whom they lingered on the strand till after sunset. A sunset it hardly seemed, rather a sunrising, so pure and bright the heavens, so intense the rosy glow gradually spreading over sea and heavens. The whole visible world seemed turned into a globe of ruby, and when the ruby faded, sapphire was there instead, waves and skies melted into one.

It was still early when the brothers reached their hotel, and Arthur, alone in his bed-chamber, took out his watch, smiling curiously as he wound it up. Just twelve hours were flown since he last glanced at the familiar dial, and in the interval he had fallen in love.

CHAPTER VI.

NOWHITHER.

Love as well as sorrow may be a thing to shun, and next morning Arthur Venning was hurrying with what speed he could command from the scene of yesterday's glamour.

Capricious as lovers' mood seemed also the climate of this island: yesterday a fairy bower lapped by southern seas; on the morrow a dreary place. Vague sounds of storm had disturbed Arthur during the night, and when he drew aside his curtain he saw the lime branches tossed against the blurred pane, and heard the waves breaking angrily against the shore. No pleasure skiff could put out to sea in such a storm, and were the day dawning goldenly, all the same he must be off and away. In the humor he now was, made up of feverish disturbance of sweetest kind, chains could hardly have bound him, fetters would have been forced somehow. The need of solitude and escape was imperative. He must separate himself from these new, bewildering impressions to find out if they were anything deeper or more lasting.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1440.

So, no word said, no warning given—thus unceremoniously the brothers treated each other always—he was out of the house betimes, bound with all dispatch nowhither. It is not very easy to escape either foes or fascinations in an island without railroads, where roads are few, and, like the paths of the sea, not to be trusted in bad weather. A mackintosh and umbrella are all very well, but avail little when rain is tumbling down in fits, and winds blow from the four corners of the globe. If there was only a railway, only a town, only some attainable dry place or other within reach! ejaculated Arthur Venning. What should he do with himself in such a hurricane, such a deluge, sighed the unfortunate lover, almost ready to anathematize the lucky stars he had blessed a few hours before.

Plodding on thus uncomfortably, with his sketch-book under his arm, he had reached the top of the village street when a rumbling sound and an unwieldy vehicle, shaped like an old-fashioned berlin, came to divert his thoughts. And in a twinkling this tumble-down conveyance, which, as he saw by the somewhat pompous insignia, carried his Imperial Majesty's mails, occurred to him as a solution of the problem. Here was the post ready to carry him, if not to a desirable place, certainly away from the spot in which he then was. Without a second thought he stopped the postboy, and took in the inside of a dingy old stage-coach, being better than the top under certain circumstances, he said to himself, as he shut out the wind and the rain.

He found himself alone, but for one heavy passenger of his own sex, who was fast asleep in a corner. Arthur took possession of the other, and comfortably disposing himself, began to wonder what he should do next. The post would stop somewhere or other. Anything deserving the name of a town, the island did not possess, and a village hostelry, with a smoky parlor and not so much as a newspaper to be had, offered few attractions. "Well," mused Arthur Venning, as he also closed his eyes for a doze, "anyhow I have brought my sketch-book and moist colors, and I may find a rustic beauty to sit for me."

He nodded and nodded, whilst the outlandish ramshackle vehicle toiled up-hill and down-hill, till it was brought to a stand-still with a jerk that rudely aroused both passengers.

"What place is this?" asked Arthur of his fellow-traveller.

"No place at all," was the reply. "But the horses are changed here. Are you going to the ferry?" he asked.

"In the name of all the saints, no!" cried Arthur, aghast. He had left the ferry just two days ago. Was there only one road, then, in this island? Must he go back or forward, cross the narrow strip of sea dividing him from shops, railways, and civilization, or return crest-fallen whither he had come?

"Then," politely replied the stranger, "if you are not going to the ferry, you are going to the Residency, of course, and there is the other coach waiting to take you."

A bright thought now flashed across his mind. Yes, there was certainly one dry spot in this deluged land. Not a church, not an interior, not a museum, could this luckless island boast of in which a dilettante might profitably spend a wet morning, so he had heard. But this Schloss was also a covered place. It contained, so at least folks said, some pictures and works of art worth looking at, which travellers were permitted to see. In fine, it offered exactly the pastime he wanted, and if the weather cleared up, he should have a pleasant journey home in the evening. That little missive introductory stowed safely away in his pocket, Arthur, of course, determined to withhold. To present himself before a grand personage on a wet day was out of the question. An umbrella and aristocratic acquaintances are incompatible; but he might fairly present himself at the doors as an English artist craving leave to see his Serene Highness's collections. Anyhow, on the arrival of the stage-coach at its destination, he would breakfast, or rather dine, the dinner in these parts taking place at mid-day, undergo a process of drying and brushing, and then proceed on foot to the palace. The weather did not improve, but Arthur's spirits rose when the tumble-down old carriage stopped before a well-built inn, and a glance showed him that all the pleasant possibilities he had just now entertained would be realized. An hour later he was hastening across the park, sketch-book under his arm. If only the sky would clear, and the necessary permission be granted, he might make a charming study here, he thought. The views on all sides were said to be magnificent, the palace itself a gem of modern art; but under a leaden sky, and through a mist of rain, these things could only be guessed at.

Arthur had received glowing accounts of the prince's graciousness to art-loving strangers, but was hardly prepared for the reception accorded him. For no sooner were the words "An English artist" out of his mouth, than without waiting to hear more, the elderly woman who opened the door ushered him in, and beckoning him to follow, led the way upstairs.

He noticed, with a little surprise, that it was a side staircase she now took, and not the nobly proportioned flight of marble steps royally carpeted, that evidently led to the state apartments. His conductress had motioned him to wear a pair of felt overshoes lying on the threshold, so that it could be no precautionary measure on her part. He supposed he should see the grand entrance afterward, and followed without a word. What was his astonishment when the woman, still chary of words, opening the door of a small but beautiful room, evidently a woman's room, handed him a chair, and went away! His first impulse was to go after her and ask if she had made a mistake, explaining that he was there by no appointment. On second thoughts the matter seemed to have little mystery about it. He but waited for an informal permission to see the pictures. That was all. Five minutes passed, during which he surveyed the room, taking in every artistic feature with his quick, well-trained eye. The charming pictures on the wall, the choice modern furniture, the veriest bagatelle being a work of art, the superlatively bound books, all testified to the elegant taste of their possessor. What immediately riveted his attention, however, were two portraits of a beautiful and sumptuous woman that lay unframed, as it seemed hardly finished, on two easels. Each picture was evidently the work of a different hand, and never, surely, could portrait painter have had a harder or more delicious task!

Arthur was standing before the two canvases spell-bound, when, without any warning, the door opened and a lady came in. He saw at a glance that she was the sitter. But how much more beautiful! She was dressed in black, and as she moved toward him he fell back, hushed and awe-struck by the pathos in her face.

This glorious creature might have sat to-day for a Mater Dolorosa, yet the simple sable garment she now wore became her no less than the queenly gems and dazzling textures with which she was bedight in both pictures. Perhaps even better. There was more here of the star than the queen, the quiet, subdued, yet overmastering loveliness that needs no mundane lendings, that enforces consenting homage because it is itself.

"You are an English portrait painter," she said, removing the two pictures from the easel, and seating herself opposite to it. "Pray begin the sitting at once."

Arthur now realized his dilemma. He was evidently mistaken for the third artist invited to enter the lists. A German, possibly a French, hand had failed to carry off the palm. Some countryman of his own was to compete in his turn. There was not a minute for deliberation: he unhesitatingly accepted the challenge. After all, he said to himself, explanation could not be very difficult. A painter not unskilled in portraiture, he had been accidentally asked to take this lady's portrait. What should he do but accept, leaving any mystery to be cleared up afterward? Such a misinterpretation of the true state of affairs under the circumstances could but meet with indulgence. And who knew? He might now succeed, as he had often done before, in achieving, no *chef-d'œuvre* certainly, but a sterling likeness. That was most likely the one thing needed, and was within his capabilities.

He set to work in business-like fashion, and having prepared his colors, turned expectantly to the sitter.

"Have you any instructions to give me?" he asked, not in the least knowing how to address her.

"None whatever," was the almost indifferent reply; "except that I wish to be taken in this plain black gown as I am."

Arthur bowed, mutely acquiescent, and leaning back in his chair, took that long, long look only permissible under precisely such circumstances. And as he gazed and gazed, the same feeling of awe and perplexity came over him, dominating mere admiration. Who could this rare creature be, and what was the secret of the more than sorrow looking out of her clear eyes?

Hardly the mistress of a proud house, he said, or even a member of it, otherwise would she stay there unattended and alone? He settled the question in his own mind by saying that she certainly belonged to the Prince's family, but was perhaps a humble kinswoman, one by whom trouble had come upon the rest. Not the burden of a secret grief only seemed to weigh her down.

Something more, also, he read as he studied that calm, pensive face. From those beautiful eyes looked forth no shy, girlish questioning of life and destiny, but a woman's collectedness and passive resignation.

The mystery of existence had been solved for her. Of the future she had neither supreme joy nor sorrow to ask. No maiden, but a wife, was here. Whose, it behooved him not to ask.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

EARLY in the last century vague reports were received by the Jesuits, who had reached Lake Superior, of a great river that rose near the western end of the lake, and flowed west into the Pacific. In 1775 Captain BRUNO HECETA, commander of the Spanish exploring ship *Santiago*, sailed past what he believed to be the mouth of a river on the western coast of North America, near latitude 46°. He named it Rio de San Rogue, but deemed it too insignificant to be worth exploring, and so did not enter it. Three years later the great navigator Captain COOK sailed along the same coast in the *Resolution*, but failed to note any traces of the great river. In July of the same year Captain MEARES visited the coast on purpose to discover whether such a river as had been mentioned by HECETA existed or not. He discovered and named Cape Disappointment, called the insignificant inlet at its base Deception Bay, and sailed away, afterward reporting that the alleged river was merely a small inlet blocked by a sand spit.

In 1789 Captain GRAY, of Boston, who was the first to bear the flag of the young republic around the world, while cruising up this coast fancied that, when in about latitude 46°, he saw signs of being off the mouth of an immense fresh-water river, but did not have time to stop and verify his supposition. Three years later, in the spring of 1792, he again found himself on this coast, in command of the ship *Columbia*, with time enough on his hands to carry out his cherished scheme of searching for the river of whose existence he felt so certain. He sailed south from the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and on his way down the coast fell in with Captain GEORGE VANCOUVER, on his famous exploring expedition that ended in the discovery of Puget Sound. The two captains exchanged courtesies and compared notes. Captain GRAY mentioned the river that he hoped to find, and VANCOUVER laughed at him. The latter said that he had carefully examined the entire coast for two hundred miles under the most favorable circumstances, that the line of breakers was unbroken, and that he had only noted signs of river water near an opening that appeared so insignificant that he did not deem it worthy of attention.

On the following day, May 11, Captain GRAY sailed the *Columbia* into this insignificant inlet, and discovered one of the grandest rivers in the world, which he named "Columbia," in honor of his ship. He named the extreme point of Cape Disappointment Point Hancock, and the headland on the south side of the river Point Adams, after the two most distinguished men of his native State. Behind Cape Disappointment he found a beautiful bay, which he named Baker's, and to the point bounding it on the east he gave the name of Chinook. Fifty years later the testimony of Captain GRAY's log-book gave the noble river that he thus discovered to the United States, and moved the international boundary line three degrees north, to the Straits of Juande Fuca.

On November 7, 1805, the intrepid explorers LEWIS and CLARK, coming from the interior, reached the mouth of the Columbia, which they called by its Indian name of Oregon.

In March, 1811, a company of fur traders, sent out from New York by JOHN JACOB ASTOR, founded the settlement of Astoria, near the mouth of the river, which thus became the first American settlement on the Pacific coast. Astoria struggled for existence for three years, and then fell into the hands of the British, who changed its name to Fort George. It is comparatively but a short time ago that it again came under the American flag, and was rechristened Astoria. To-day it is a flourishing city containing several thousand inhabitants, who are very proud of their handsome Masonic Hall, their Custom-house, and, above all, of the immense salmon-canning business conducted by their merchants. The canning establishments are huge unsightly structures of wood, built out over the river on piles, and in them the entire process of preparing and canning the salmon is conducted by Chinese workmen. But if these establishments are blemishes on the landscape, the fishing fleet which sails out from Astoria every evening during the season presents a most picturesque sight. The boats are small, sharp at both ends, cat-rigged, and each carries the two men necessary to manage the gill-net with which its cargo is to be secured. A favorite resort for the fishermen is in the vicinity of Pillar Rock, which rises abruptly from near the middle of the river a few miles above Astoria. From here they pursue their prey down to the mouth of the river, where it sometimes happens that they cast their nets so near the bar that the outgoing tide, rushing like a mill-race, sweeps them into the remorseless breakers. The products of their toil have found their way into every market in the world, and to-day Columbia River canned salmon commands a higher price than any other.

The most notable object near the mouth of the Columbia is the Tillamook Light-house. It is built on a rock so precipitous, and rising from the midst of a tideway so terrible, that no boat may approach it closely without being dashed in pieces. To overcome these difficulties a huge derrick with a far-reaching arm raises and lowers an iron cage in which are contained the visitors or supplies that reach the light-house from the mainland. In this peculiar feature of inaccessibility this light-house stands alone in the world.

BEETHOVEN'S STATUE.

BEETHOVEN, the greatest of German musical composers, has been honored by our German fellow-citizens with a monument in Central Park. It was unveiled on the 22d of July, in the presence of a large gathering. A platform had been prepared on the right-hand side of the statue, which fronts the music stand on the Mall, for the accommodation of the speakers of the day and the officers of the societies present. On the left and in front of the statue were seats for the members of the visiting societies. A constantly increasing crowd stood around the outside of the seats. By the time the ceremonies began there were about 5000 people present. The procession was very late in arriving, but the crowd was good-natured and orderly.

It was late in the afternoon when the procession reached the Mall, and the ceremonies began. They opened with musical performances, and then General VIELE, in a short and appropriate speech, introduced President OHMEIS, of the Beethoven Männerchor, who presented the statue to the city. Mayor EDSON made a brief reply, in the course of which he said: "I can express but coldly the sentiments of those who feel the greatness of the art and the grandeur of the life and character of BEETHOVEN. Our parks and public places are adorned with the statues of those great men whom we love to honor—men who have been the ornaments of literature, science, and politics. We have honored WASHINGTON, the Father of his Country, LINCOLN and SEWARD, who preserved it through the storm, SCOTT, BURNS, HUMBOLDT, and SCHILLER. These are the men who have advanced the standard of civilization. But with all these the true representation of art was incomplete without music."

The statue is sixteen and a half feet high, with the pedestal, which is twelve feet in height. The head of the bust inclines forward, and the eyes are looking steadily ahead, as if in deep meditation. The mouth is firmly closed, and the hair falls flowing back from the forehead. The shoulders are enveloped in a cloak as well as a coat. At the base of the pedestal is a bronze statue of Music—a woman standing with her left foot slightly advanced, her head thrown back, and her lips parted as if singing, while in her left hand she carries a lyre, which she is just in the act of striking with her right. The pedestal is a plain shaft of polished granite, with the name "BEETHOVEN" immediately under the bust.

THE HON. WATSON C. SQUIRE.

MR. SQUIRE, the Governor of Washington Territory, whose portrait is given on page 504, was born at Cape Vincent, New York, in 1838. He was educated at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, and after graduating, in 1859, he studied law at Cleveland, Ohio. On the breaking out of the war MR. SQUIRE entered the army, and commanded the first battalion of Ohio Sharpshooters. At the close of the war he was Judge Advocate of the District of Tennessee.

For the last five years MR. SQUIRE has been a resident of Washington Territory, with whose interests he is thoroughly identified.

A USEFUL LIFE.

THE late Rev. NELSON G. MERRY, whose portrait is given on page 504, was one of the most useful and honored colored preachers in the South. For more than twenty-eight years he was pastor of the colored Baptist church on Spruce Street, in Nashville, Tennessee, and during that time his course was such as to command the respect and esteem of the whole community. He was an earnest preacher, a most faithful laborer among his people, and at the time of his death, a few weeks ago, the membership of the church, which was only one hundred when he took charge of it, was nearly twenty-five hundred. His influence was strong and beneficent among the colored people of Tennessee.

EFFECT OF PRESSURE ON LIFE.

M. REGNARD, a French physiologist, has made some very interesting experiments on the effects on life of a high water-pressure. The experiments were carried out by means of a water-press of MM. Cailletet and Ducretet, giving a pressure of 1000 atmospheres—that is to say, such a pressure as would exist at a point 10,000 meters below the surface of the sea.

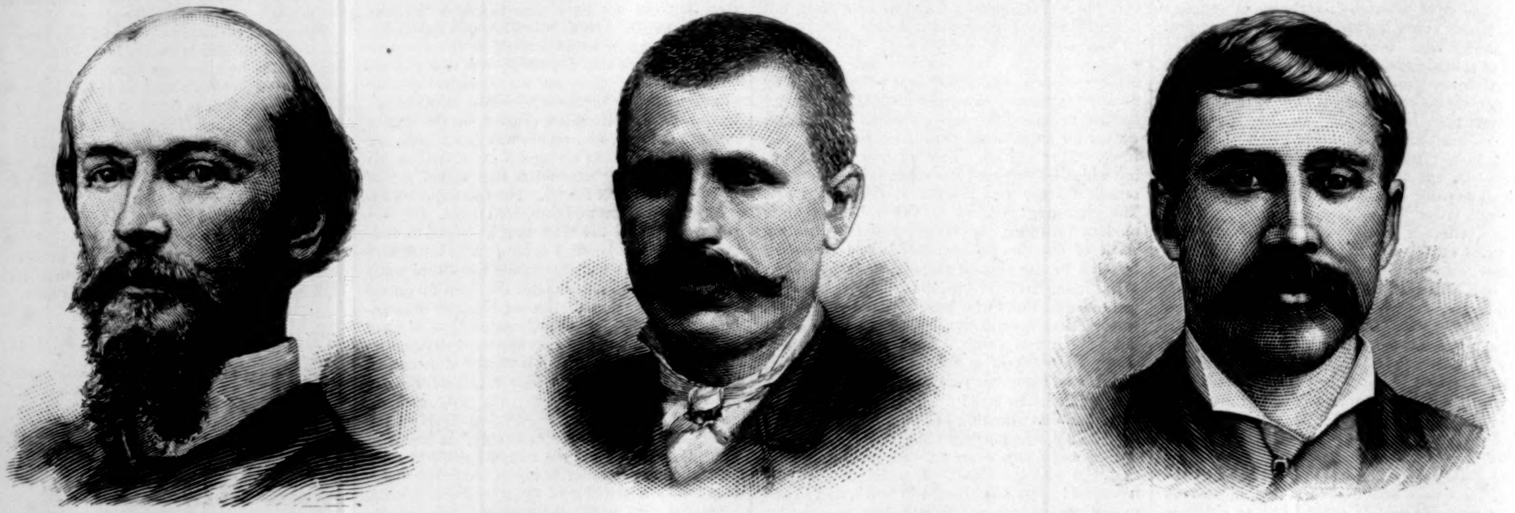
Yeast subjected to this pressure for an hour fell into a state of sleep or latent life, and on being withdrawn from the press it was only after an hour that active life returned and the yeast operated as a ferment. Vegetable algæ and seeds of the garden cress also fell into sleep, and only recovered slowly. The same may be said of leeches at a pressure of 600 atmospheres, mollusks, and infusoria. The leeches, indeed, only awoke some hours afterward.

Fishes deprived of their swimming-bladders were submitted to a pressure of 100 atmospheres with impunity; at 200 atmospheres they fell into the same sleepy state, but quickly recovered; at 300 atmospheres they died; at 400 they became rigid, and remained so even when putrefaction set in. This rigidity was accompanied by increase of weight, as was proved by fixing and weighing the limbs of frogs.

ANGLO-SAXON.

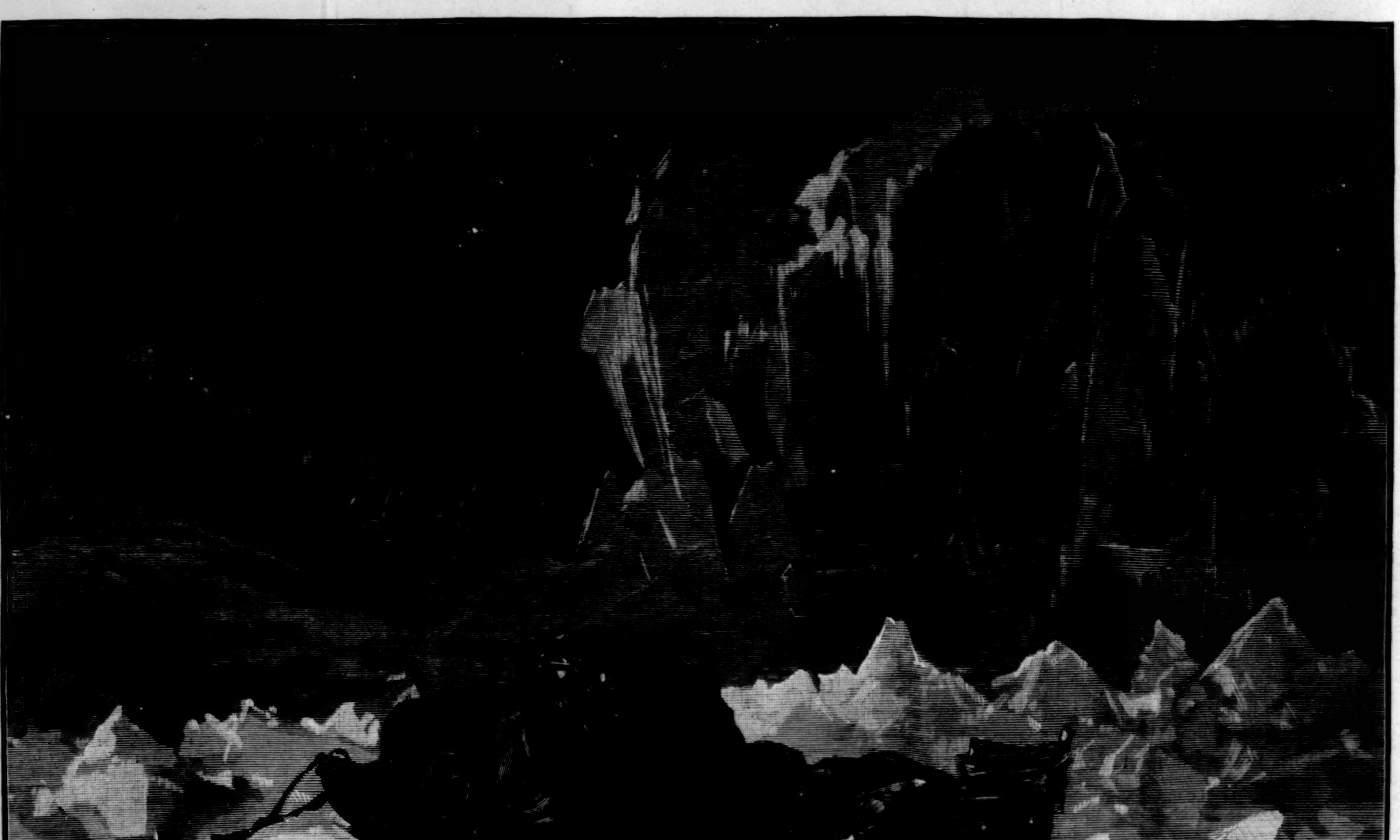
THE time when Latin and Greek formed the chief essentials of learning is fast receding into the past, and these languages are having a place assigned them more consistent with the necessities of the modern world, which is not tolerant of the acquisition of a kind of knowledge that in great part is archaic and useless. Under the influence of this change our own language is rising into an importance which it could never attain so long as it was regarded simply as a vulgar tongue, and the historical study of English is becoming one of the most popular as well as one of the most useful pursuits of our philologists. The great English dictionary of the Philological Society is only one evidence of this; for individual scholars, during the last twenty years, have done not a little to lay bare to us the inner structure of our language, and the changes and modifications to which it has been subjected in the course of its long descent.

Anglo-Saxon literature is the oldest of the vernacular literatures of modern Europe. The materials of this early literature are found chiefly in written books and documents; but they are found also in such subsidiary sources as inscriptions on churches and church towers, sun-dials, crosses, and even on jewelry. One of the most remarkable in this last category is what is known as the Alfred Jewel. It was discovered in Newton Park, near Athelney, in 1693, and in 1718 had found its way to the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford, where it still is. It consists of an enamelled figure enshrined in a golden frame, with a golden back to it, and with a thick piece of rock-crystal in front, to serve as a glass to the picture. Around the sloping rim the following legend is wrought in the fabric: Ælfred mec heht Gewyrcean (Alfred me commanded to make). The language of the legend agrees perfectly with the age of King Alfred, and it seems to be the unhesitating opinion of all those who have investigated the subject that it was a personal ornament of the great West-Saxon king.

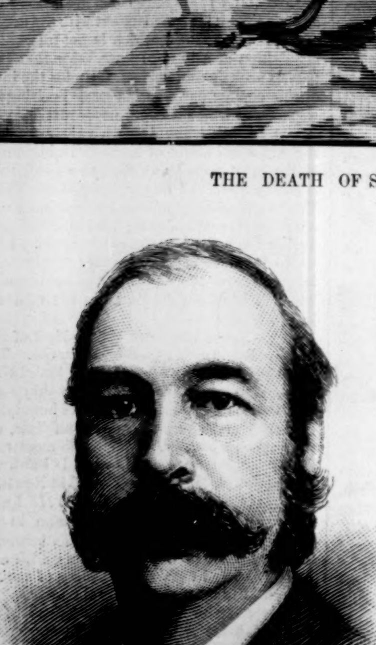


DR. OCTAVE PAVY, DIED JUNE 16. SERGEANT JOSEPH ELLISON, DIED AFTER RESCUE. PRIVATE HENRY BIEDERBECK, ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

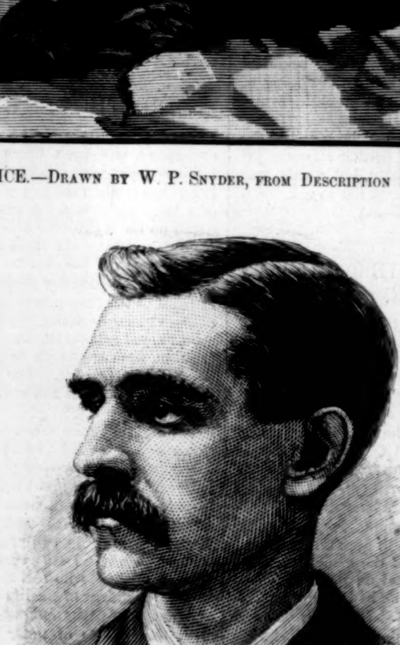
THREE OF LIEUTENANT GREELY'S COMPANIONS.—Photographed by Rice.—[See Page 499.]



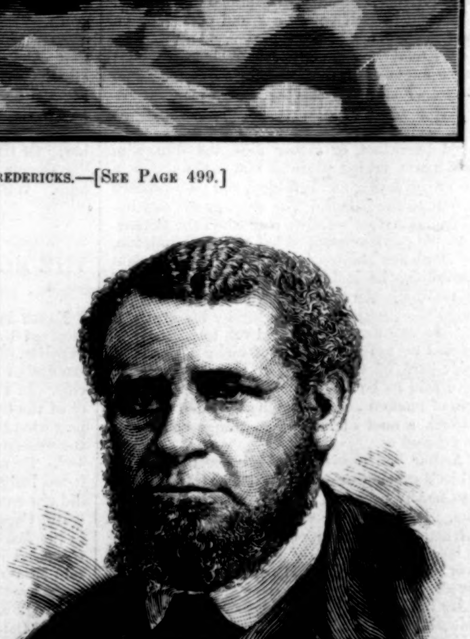
THE DEATH OF SERGEANT RICE.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder, from Description by Sergeant Fredericks.—[See Page 499.]



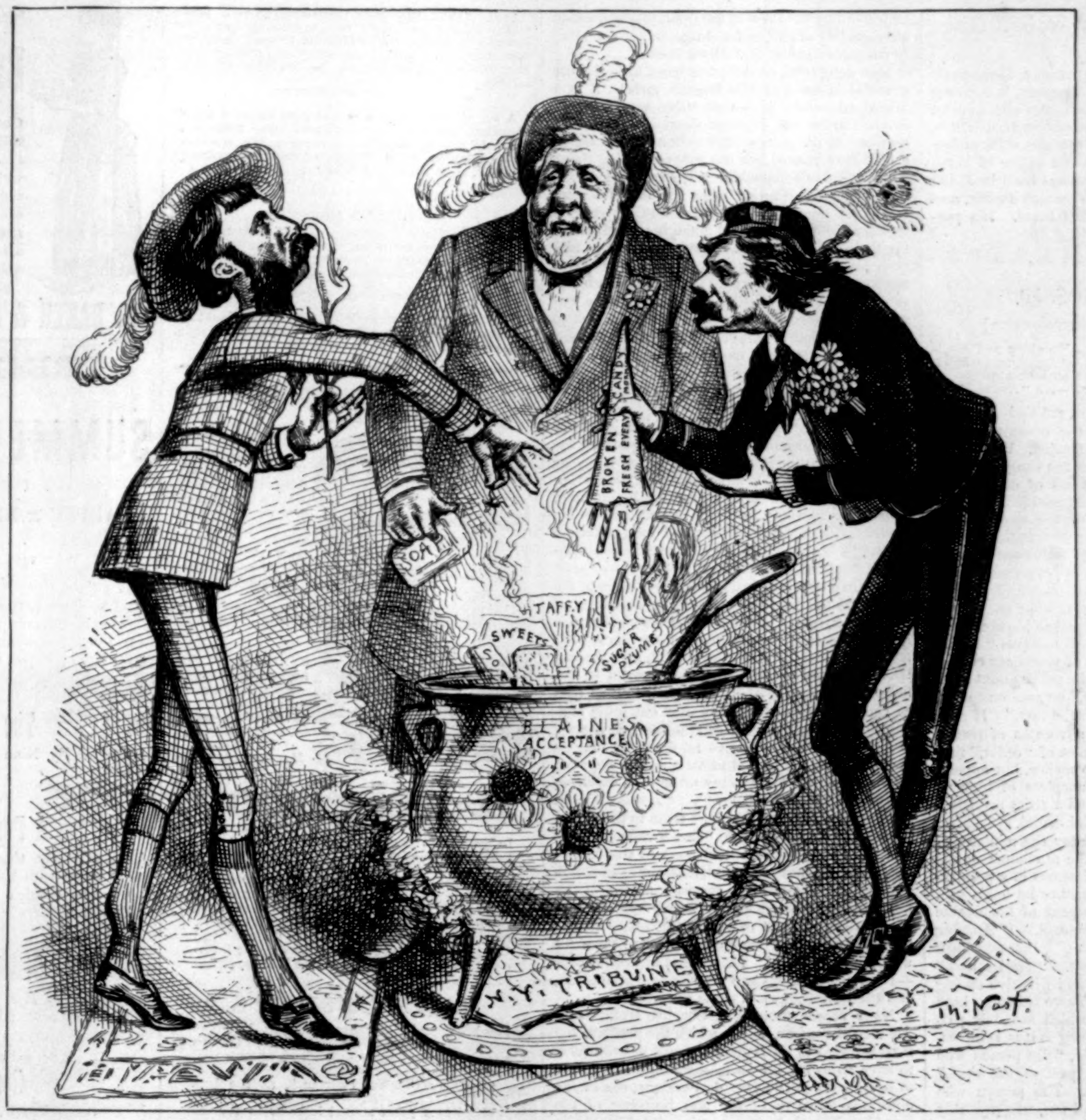
THE HON. WATSON G. SQUIRE.
Photographed by Moore.—[See Page 503.]



THE HON. LYMAN W. REDINGTON.
Photographed by Emery.—[See Page 506.]

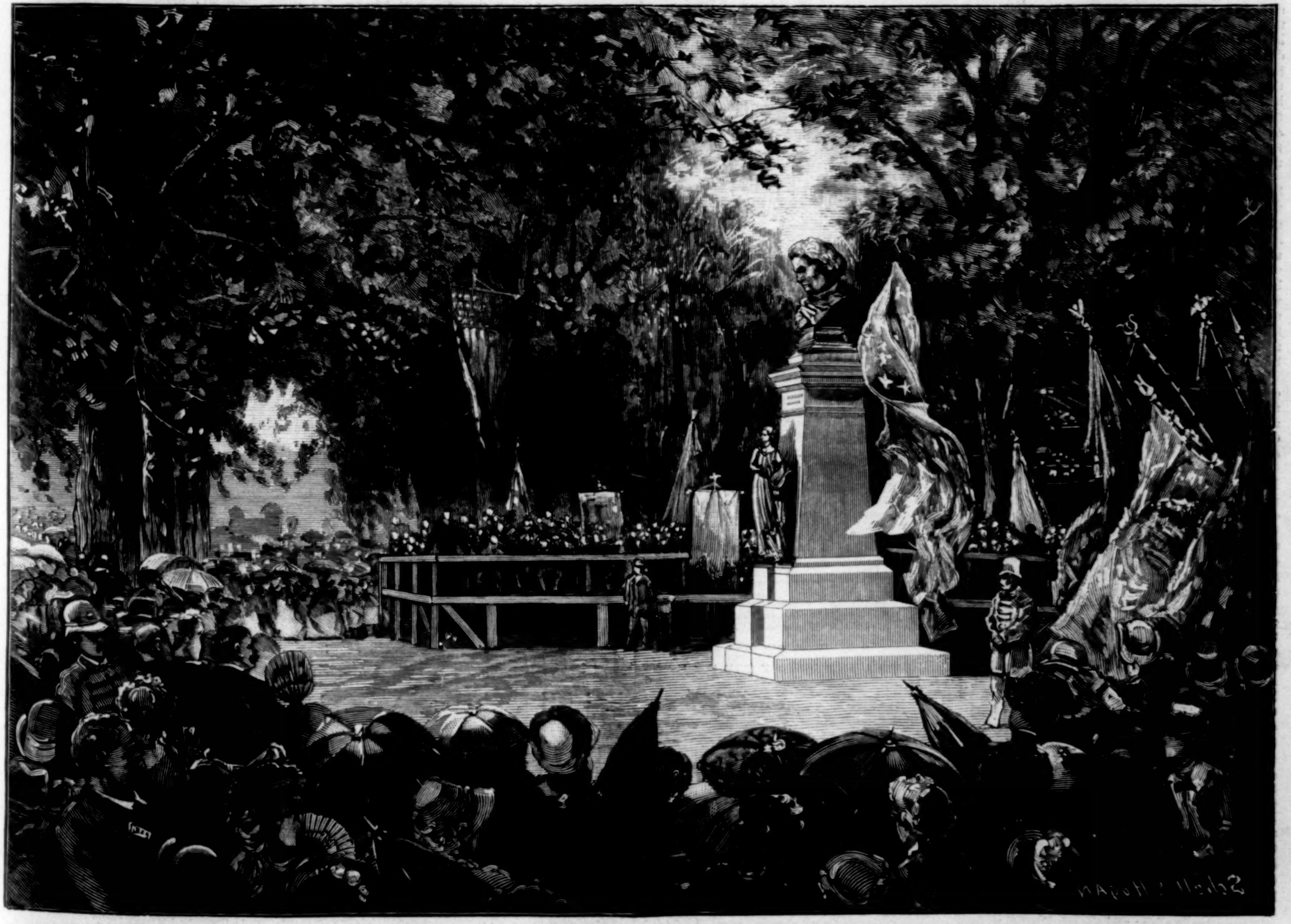


THE LATE REV. NELSON G. MERRY.
Photographed by R. Poole.—[See Page 503.]


SOAP
CANDY
BROKEN
FRESH EVERY
TAFFY
SWEETS
SOAP
SUGAR PLUMS
BLAINE'S ACCEPTANCE
N.Y. TRIBUNE
Th: Nast.

POLITICAL ENCHANTMENT.

Sir Plumed Knight. "So sweet and peaceful!"
Sir William Walter Bangtry. "It's too, too utter! Just let me put in a 'skeeter,' so there may be a little sting in it."
The "Tribune" Daisy. "Washington or Lincoln never cooked anything so delicious as this."


Schell & Hogan

UNVEILING THE BEETHOVEN STATUE IN CENTRAL PARK.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 503.]

THE HON. LYMAN W. REDINGTON.

Mr. Lyman Williams Redington, Democratic candidate for Governor of Vermont, is a young lawyer of high standing and scholarly attainments. He has been a member of the State Legislature, and has filled other public stations with ability and credit. Mr. Redington is a native of Waddington, New York, where he was born in 1849; but he belongs to an old Vermont family, and since 1875 has resided in that State. His portrait is given on page 504.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

The Outcast Poor of London.—Theology and Medicine.—Curious Divorce Case.—A Question of Black Beetles and Rent.—The Du Maurier Exhibition.—Key to the "Waverley Novels."—An "Awful Ma."

A philanthropic magazine, entitled *Eastward Ho*, concerning itself with the outcast poor of East London, has just been started. With every sympathy with its aims, I am not sanguine as to its pecuniary success or length of days, but it contains at least one article, entitled, "A new Crusade," which is worthy of the most serious attention. The writer boldly asserts that the relations between the East End publicans and the police is one of "wholesale bribery and corruption," that "Bobby" has his beer and tobacco gratis in return for winking at what goes on in the public-house, and the inspector his box of cigars at licensing times, not to mention "an unknown quantity" in the way of pecuniary considerations. The evidence of the police about these houses "it is quite notorious," he goes on to say, "is unblushingly contrary to the fact." If such charges were made by the advocates of revolutionary change and the enemies of "order," they might easily be set down to malice, but appearing as they do under the auspices of high religious authority, they demand a strict investigation and, if possible, an official denial.

There is a church at Hackney the minister of which appears to combine the attributes of the medical and theological professions in a remarkable degree. While he preaches he heals you. Before me lies an advertisement of his double ministrations—his "dual control." "Morning service at 11; evening at 6.30." Diseases healed by request from the pulpit. "Testimonies," he calls them, one hundred and fifty-five during the last twelve months. These include both medical and surgical cases, which are duly particularized. Even this list, long as it is, is incomplete, because, as we are told, "the person who took the notes was absent part of the time." This is at least explicable. The person who took the notes, and was found out, was probably absent for two years at least.

A curious case has been developed in the Divorce Court. A lady obtained a decree *nisi* against her husband, and matters looked as though the twain would never be one again. This, however, happened in November. During the last seven months the lady thought better of him she once took for better or worse, and, with his consent, has asked the divorcing judge to rescind his order. I only remember one example of this kind, in which, however, the time before reconsideration extended over many years, and each party had made in the interim a new matrimonial venture. Experience convinced both widow and widower that if their first choice had not been perfection, it was at least above the average, and they resolved to stick to it.

A poor lady whose house was overrun by black beetles, which dwelt not only on the walls, but in the beds, applied the other day to a magistrate to know whether she could be compelled, under such circumstances, to pay her rent. The magistrate explained to her that the courts were divided upon the question. A house overrun with bugs had been pronounced uninhabitable, but not with beetles. She would have to carry the matter to the House of Lords. It is interesting and instructive in these revolutionary times to read that these matters can only be definitely settled by a hereditary chamber.

Perhaps the greatest test of popularity in this country is the spelling of a man's name right by those who are presumed strangers to him. To the day of his death the public *would* address Charles Reade as "Read" or "Reed"; for whenever it is possible to err in that way the public does err. I don't know how many years Mr. Du Maurier has been appealing to his fellow-countrymen—I use his own witty words—"to give the devil his Du," but I understand by this time that they have got his name right. It is a great and significant feat to have performed; for though one's name may be as familiar in men's mouths as household words, that does not insure its being correctly spelled.

In the exhibition that has recently been opened of Mr. Du Maurier's pictures the familiarity of the visitors with what they come to see is very noteworthy. They find themselves entirely at their ease in a company of old friends; or if in any case they stand in need of an introduction, Mr. Henry James (who has written "Notes" for the catalogue) acts as an admirable master of the ceremonies. These black and white sketches are, in fact, flesh and blood creations. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns and the unhappy husband that is dragged into society at her chariot wheels were indeed actually in the exhibition, looking at their own portraits (and, I dare say, wondering where Mr. Du Maurier could have seen such creatures), at the very hour when I chanced to visit it. Sir Gorgias Midas, his wife, his son, and his footman are as well known to us as the family of Minicunotwitch used to be to our childhood after a protracted sitting at that game. Mr. Jodesone gives us the same feeling of loathing as though he were actually alive; and though Postlethwaite and the Cimabue Browns are dead, they were once alive, and we are all under obligations to the kindly yet satiric pencil that killed them.

How delightful, on the other hand, are all those graceful ladies and fair English girls! It is a liberal education to behold them as this great English artist has depicted them, and a perfect antidote to the poison that writers of the Ouida school have poured into our ears respecting them. And yet I don't know whether, after all, I do not thank Mr. Du Maurier most for his charming children. Sometimes I wish he would give us a "gutter child" or two, and make his pencil plead for their sad lot; but one is very grateful to him even as it is. For my part I can not conceive anybody taking the trouble to go "into society," especially in such weather as this, when he can see the whole round of it in an hour by a visit to Mr. Du Maurier's exhibition. I should not omit to mention a piece of unusual generosity in connection with it: a notice on the walls informs all comers that "the prices of the pictures may be had on application."

A key to the "Waverley Novels" has just been published, containing some interesting matter for some people, though not, I fear, for so many as could be wished: it is unhappily only too certain that the admirers of Scott are rapidly diminishing, or perhaps it would be more correct to say his readers; for a writer is admired long after he ceases to be read. The rising generation complains that Scott is tedious. This is, to speak truth, not a wholly unjust accusation; some of his novels are tedious; the extravagant laudation of our fathers, which included all his works, has done him harm with our young people; they have been told that Scott is alway delightful, and finding that this is not the case, they have begun to disbelieve in him altogether. No such fate as that of Bulwer—whose work has died out quite suddenly, like a composition candle—can, of course, overtake Scott: he will live no doubt as long as our language, but he will never again be popular. "Is it possible," I say to my misguided children, "that you do not even love your *Ivanhoe?*" and there is no satisfactory reply. Even to those who have thus, in my opinion, "lost a sense," there will be still something of interest in this key to Scott. It can not but be curious, for example, to get for the first time an accurate notion of the number of characters created by a great and popular author. In this case they amount to no less than 662, and may be literally said to form "a world of their own." The ground he travels over—from the Orkneys to Palestine—is prodigious, and the time comprises three centuries.

Many people remember Charles Mathews in *My Awful Dad*—a play in which the prodigal son is transferred to the father. It must be still worse to have an awful Ma—a misfortune that appears to have befallen the Duc de Persigny, son of the notorious minister of the late Emperor of the French. This lady has squandered £50,000 in the last two years, besides half the fortune of her mother, the Princesse de Moskowa, and her son has petitioned a court of law to declare her "a prodigal"—an appeal which appears to English ears rather superfluous.

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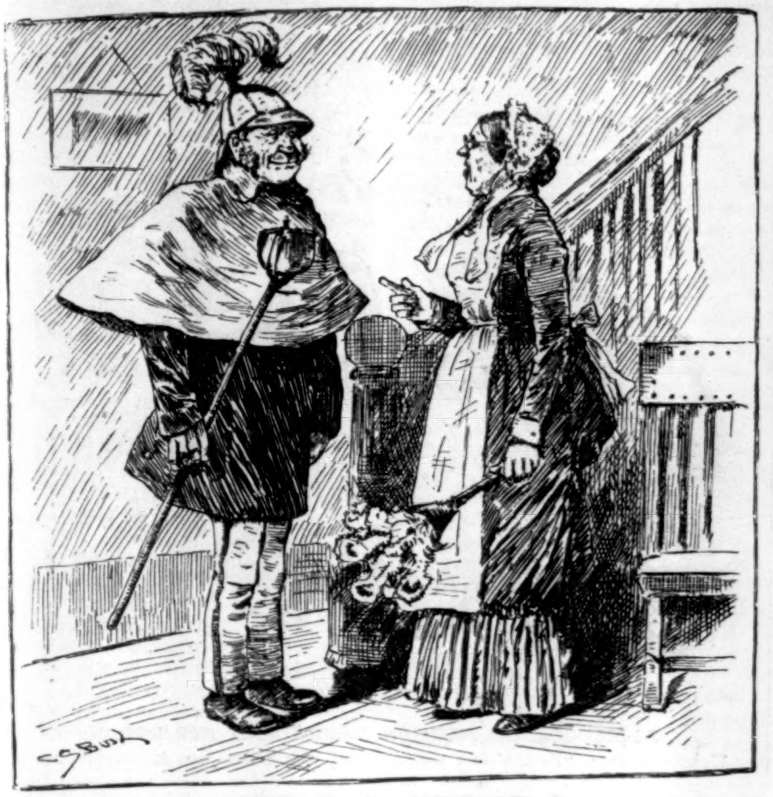

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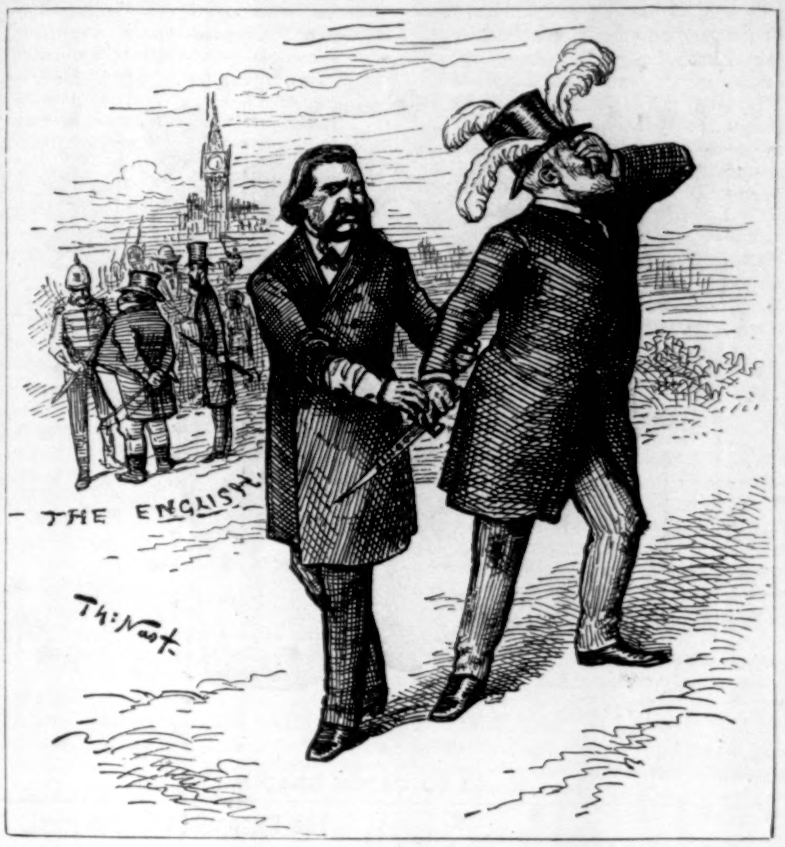

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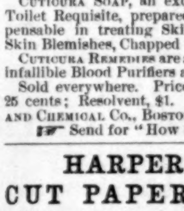
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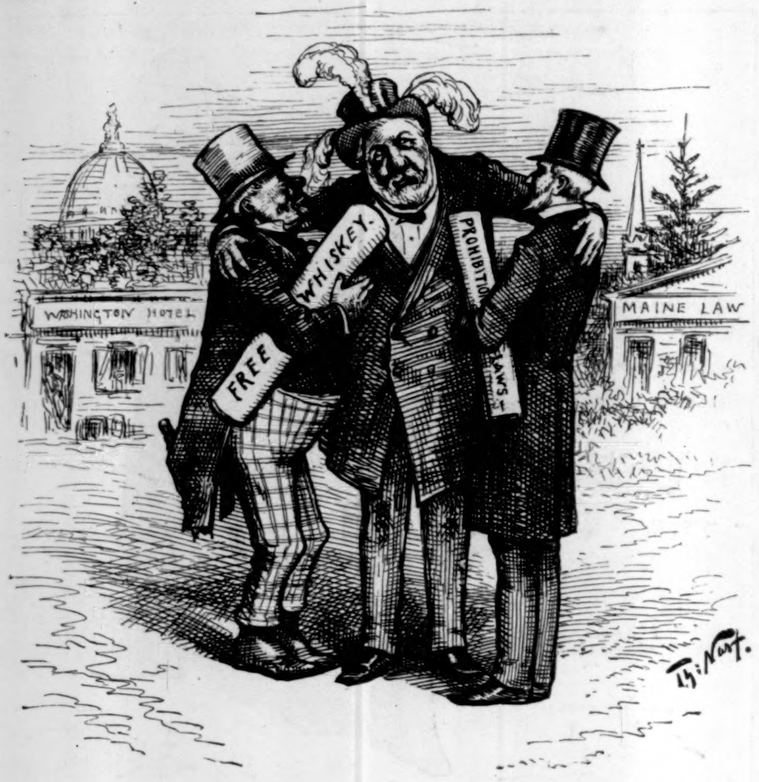

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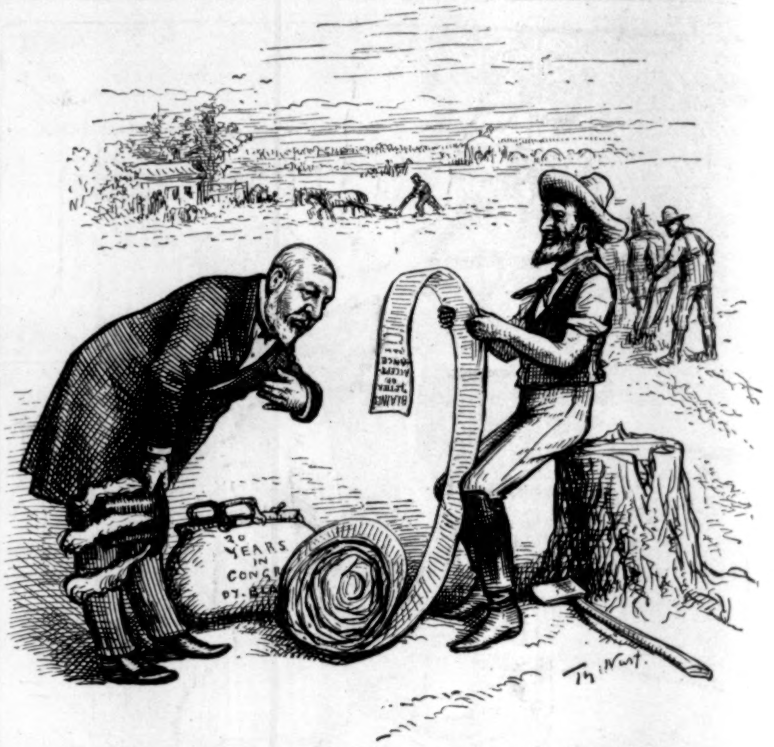

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THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN CONFERENCE.

IN response to the call for a Conference of Independents opposed to the election of the Republican candidates for President and Vice-President nominated at Chicago, a large number of delegates, representing sixteen States, assembled in the University Club Theatre at eleven o'clock on the morning of July 22. There were about 500 fully accredited delegates, besides many who attended the Conference in their individual capacity. In all, about 650 persons took part in the proceedings.

Applicants for tickets of admission were ushered into an ante-room in charge of the secretaries, and there supplied. When the roll was ready for summary, it showed that California was represented by 1 delegate; Colorado by 1; Connecticut, 28; Delaware, 2; Georgia, 1; Illinois, 2; Louisiana, 5; Missouri, 2; Michigan, 1; Maryland, 2; Massachusetts, 84; New Jersey, 33; Pennsylvania, 19; Rhode Island, 6; Vermont, 1; and this State the rest, of whom the city furnished 168, Brooklyn 56, and Buffalo, Albany, and other points in the State 49. Mount Vernon, which has a committee of 60, sent 11 delegates.

The Conference was called to order by Mr. George William Curtis, whose appearance was greeted with most hearty applause. He said:

"Gentlemen, it is my pleasant duty as chairman of the Independent Republican Committee of New York, and on its behalf, to welcome you to this Conference, and call it to order. This Conference is assembled in obedience to this invitation. [Mr. Curtis read the call for the Conference.] This call is signed by officers of the Independent Republican Committees of New York, Boston, New Haven, and Buffalo.

"I submit, gentlemen, for your consideration as officers for this Conference, as President, Colonel Charles R. Codman, of the Massachusetts Committee; for Vice-Presidents: H. A. Babbitt, C. P. Armstrong, H. W. Farnum, of Connecticut; William Endicott, Samuel Hoar, Robert Blaikie, of Massachusetts; Carl Schurz, Francis C. Barlow, Theodore Bacon, of New York; William Hayes Ward, A. P. Gerbert, P. W. Burdge, of New Jersey; Henry C. Lee, Francis P. Reeves, Walter Wood, of Pennsylvania; James Boutelle, of Ohio; James F. Claflin, of Illinois; Charles J. Bonaparte, of Maryland; Benjamin F. Thurston, of Rhode Island; S. Wallis Merrihew, of Delaware; and William G. Thompson, of Michigan. Secretaries: George H. Earle, of Pennsylvania, George D. Miller, of Connecticut, and George Walton Green, of New York. Enrollment Committee: George W. Folsom, of New York, Talcott H. Russell, of Connecticut, Moses Williams, of Massachusetts, and Joseph Parrish, of Pennsylvania."

The list of officers having been approved by the meeting, Mr. Curtis called on Colonel Codman to assume charge of the proceedings. An enthusiastic round of applause greeted this sturdy leader of the Massachusetts Independents as he ascended the platform. When quiet was restored, Colonel Codman spoke as follows:

CHAIRMAN CODMAN'S ADDRESS.

FELLOW-CITIZENS,—You confer a great honor upon me in choosing me to preside in this Conference, not of office-holders nor of office-seekers, but of citizens desiring only the honor and welfare of the republic. We have not met here as party men; we are not sent here by party machinery; but we come representing large bodies of citizens, who have determined for the time being to set aside the claims of party, whatever those claims may be, and to act together independently to maintain ideas and, if possible, achieve results which shall be for the highest good, as we see it, of the whole country. The bond that unites us is a jealous sensitiveness for the national character and resentment at an attempt to lower it in the eyes of the world. It would be, we hold, an unspeakable disgrace—in full knowledge of the facts and with our eyes wide open—to place in the Presidential chair as the representative statesman of the United States a man who has never cleared his reputation from imputations which, if true, show that public office was used by him for private gain. We have examined the evidence against Mr. Blaine, and believing as we honestly do that it shows at the very least that his standard of public morality is low, that he is a man willing to expect and to claim pecuniary advantages from those whose interests he has been enabled to advance in the exercise of his public office, and who does not stop at this, but has no hesitation in promising to use his official power and influence to further the private ends of those with whom he desires to associate himself—claiming that he will be no "dead-head" in aiding an enterprise which will be the gainer by Congressional favor—joined with the disposition, when put upon his defense, to equivocate and to conceal material documents and material facts: believing all this, we say, as we are bound to say, to the American people that this man is not fit to be their President. We are making no charges against private character, but we hold that the official record and the public acts of Mr. Blaine, his attitude toward railroad legislation and all other legislation, his transactions when Speaker of the House of Representatives, or when holding any legislative position, with corporations asking for Congressional aid, or in any way dependent on Congressional action, are fit and proper subjects for investigation and for comment; and if we are convinced that his record shows moral malfeasance in office, it is our right and our duty boldly to declare our opinion, and to ask our fellow-citizens to refuse to confer upon such a man their highest honors and their most important political trust.

That such is the conviction of the members of this Conference need not be said, for why else are we here to-day? Acting as all of us have done at times with the Republican party, and most of us never failing to support its nominations, and some of us its supporters when it was neither successful nor popular, it is not without pain that we find ourselves compelled to oppose the Presidential nomination of this historical organization; but we say that parties are but means to accomplish political ends, that they must stand for principles if they are to have any more vitality than that of mere organization, and that they can not live alone upon the memory of great results achieved, if they do not meet the demands of the time; and we do not see that at the present time the great parties that divide the country are clearly and unmistakably at issue upon any important question, so that we are confined in this Presidential canvass almost exclusively to the question of the fitness of candidates.

It is in some respects fortunate that it is so, for if the Democrats had declared themselves in opposition to any political ideas which we have been accustomed to consider the cardinal principles of the Republican party, and if then the Republicans had nominated Mr. Blaine, our position would have been far more trying than it is to-day. We should have been compelled to face the painful and discouraging alternative of not sustaining cherished political opinions, or of voting for a candidate we believe to be unworthy. But happily all the great principles to maintain which the Republican party was founded have long since been firmly established in the legislation of the country.

It is true that Mr. Blaine in his skillful letter of acceptance has at last expressed very positive opinions upon one subject. He has come out as an ardent civil service reformer, now that the country has pronounced for the reform, although on the day when the cause was struggling and weak it had no assistance from this always influential political leader. There have been one or two reactions, however, since then, and the people have in no uncertain tones proclaimed their will. It is certainly the fact to-day that political managers will not openly oppose the popular demand, and no backward steps will be taken in extending and maintaining the reform. We have not taken the decided action that brings us here to-day without some remonstrances from our party associates. They have urged upon us the claims of the old organization, and have rung the changes upon its achievements. They have told us that the great results of the war would be jeopardized if the Democratic party should come into power. They have warned us that capital would be destroyed and labor would be paralyzed if there should be a discontinuance of Republican administration. They have said that Mr. Blaine should be chosen President because he would do what other Presidents have not done, and what he alone can do, and that is to make this country respected by foreign nations. To all such suggestions we have been impervious.

We have replied that the constitutional interpretations settled by the war are not disputed, that the Democrats, who are at least nearly half the people in the country, have no desire and can have no interest to check the national prosperity, and that this country is respected throughout the world for its power, its freedom, its energy, and its resources, and that it will continue to be so respected unless some "aggressive" and "magnetic" President shall succeed in making it ridiculous. There has not been much in such considerations as these to induce us to give our support to a discredited and obnoxious candidate. But an appeal has also been made to our sympathies and to our highest sense of justice.

Are we ready, it has been asked, to justify or condone such incidents as the Copiah massacre? Will we ally ourselves with a political party that carries elections by murder and intimidation?

I answer that I believe we yield to none in our abhorrence of the affair at Copiah. It was an outrage utterly without justification, and it is an infinite disgrace to the community that tolerated it. Nor will we ally ourselves to a party that carries elections by murder and intimidation; but before all things we will be just, and we will not charge the whole South or the whole Democratic party with the responsibility of an act that belongs to one small community alone; but our Republican critics know perfectly well—there are no men in the country that know it better—that these occurrences could not have been prevented by any action of the Federal government. If they could, how does it happen that during two Republican administrations there has been no attempt at Federal interference? And why is it that no Republican politician ventures to recommend such interference? No, gentlemen, the truth is that time, and education, and enlightened self-interest, and the influence of civilization and Christianity, are the agencies that must be relied upon to prevent these crimes; and if we may judge the future by the past, we may expect that at no distant period the barbarous ideas and practices which slavery has left as a legacy to the South will yield to these benign influences. No one can deny, and no one ought to fail to rejoice, that such incidents as that at Copiah, which were once common, are now exceptional, and that the two races which an overruling Providence has placed side by side in the Southern States are approaching, under the influence of universal freedom, of equal political rights and a wider diffusion of knowledge, a better understanding of and a more generous consideration for each other.

But however that may be, we are not to be turned from what seems to us a plain and obvious duty by an attempt to appeal to any sectional feeling, or even to our sense of the wickedness of men or communities for whom we are not responsible. We shall not give up our right to condemn and denounce lawlessness and oppression in the South any more than our right to condemn political dishonesty in the North. We shall exercise both of these rights. We shall not support Mr. Blaine, nor shall we support any man who justifies the Copiah murder, if indeed such a man can be found for whom any one would ask the suffrages of the people. We respect the convictions of others, but for ourselves we say that it is just as impossible for us to support Mr. Blaine as it is to lie or to steal. We are assembled here to-day to confer together and to consider what practical action we shall take. We have one purpose in view, and as reasonable men we desire to act together. But we shall not, I think, make any attempt to demand pledges or to bind consciences. Whatever is done here, every man is free to follow his own course. No pledges will be asked, and certainly none will be given.

For myself, I do not hesitate to say that the defeat of Mr. Blaine should be compassed by all honorable means. It seems to me that the cause of good government, of pure politics, of American character, requires it to be done. There is but one way to do it, and that way must be obvious to us all. We desire first of all a President that is incorruptible, and if, besides that, he is able and independent, so much the better.

We have not far to go to find a man who is all this. It has been said recently by some of the supporters of Mr. Blaine that no Democratic President was ever able to resist the pressure of party managers. It may perhaps be true, and possibly some Republican Presidents have been open to the same criticism; but there is certainly one Democratic official who has shown the ability to successfully resist all pressure that would interfere with the faithful performance of official duty, and he is now Governor of New York, and the Democratic candidate for President of the United States—a man whose utterances and whose acts, whether as Mayor or Governor, have proved that he holds office not for personal ends, but as a trust for the people whose servant he is. As a life-long opponent of the Democratic party, and with no intention now of becoming identified with it, I will yet rejoice, and I will say that it is fortunate for the republic, that at a crisis when the party which has been the party of progress halts and is unfaithful, the party which we have been accustomed to distrust shows wise intelligence and civic courage. It has risen to its great opportunity, and those Republicans who would make effectual opposition to a candidate they believe to be unfit can, with no loss of self-respect, without surrendering a conviction, and in the exercise of the highest political expediency, give their votes to the reform Governor of New York.

Let us, then, in a vigorous and business-like way, proceed to the work before us. Let us take steps to lay before the country the evidence that has convinced us that the Republican nomination for President was unfit to be made. Let us declare that we stand together, and that we ask our fellow-citizens to join us, to make our protest effectual against corruption in office. Let us try to impress upon the voters by our words and acts that political straightforwardness is better than political success, and when we have done our work here, let us go to our homes and use such influence as we have to further the cause which we conceive to be the cause of our country.

When the prolonged applause by which the delegates expressed their hearty approval of Colonel Codman's address had subsided, Mr. Carl Schurz rose to offer a motion. He was enthusiastically greeted, and it was some time before the hall became quiet. Mr. Schurz then offered a motion providing for a Committee on Resolutions and Address, to consist of thirteen members, and to whom should be referred, without debate, all resolutions offered in the Conference. Pursuant to this motion the chair appointed as such committee Carl Schurz, George William Curtis, New York; Moorfield Storey, George F. Williams, Massachusetts; F. B. Reeves, William Hunt, Jun., Pennsylvania; C.